1973
COMIC ART
CONVENTION
USMC
1973
COMIC ART
CONVENTION

FOR 35 YEARS... THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER-HEROS!!

DC
NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC.
909 THIRD AVE., N.Y., N.Y. 10022

THE HOME OF THE SUPER-STARS SALUTES 4 OF OUR FINEST!

BOB KANE

C.C. BECK

BILL EVERETT
1917 -1973

Death is inexplicable, incomprehensible. Our best hope to come to terms with it, perhaps, is to know that life can be fully enjoyed, and that the richness of a person's existence can be shared. We cannot think of these two men as dead. We will always know them for the kindness, creativeness and warmth they put into the lives of those around them. And that goes on.

SYD SHORES
1904-1973

WELCOME
TO
THE

1973 comic art convention staff

chairman	phil seuling	
manager	jonni levas	
registration	meri kornstein augusta gelber tom fagan dave simons karen compton	debi feliziani alan davidson pete mancuso kathy wildman
security	andy hom eli friedman stavros merjos john shike	steve hartman alec gorby bruce mittleman marc bilgrey
dealers area	manny marir	al schuster
publications	paul levitz steve gilary	paul kupperberg
films	chris steinbrunner	ed summer
costume parade	debi feliziani	
communications	dave weiss	
personnel	chris goldberg	
food service	heather seuling deana fagan	gwenn seuling
publicity	dave kaufman	

1973 COMIC ART CONVENTION
HOTEL COMMODORE
PARK AVE ~ E 42ND ST.
JULY 4 - 8 INCL.
10 AM ~ 8 PM 5 PM SUNDAY
$2.50 PER DAY
ARTISTS
ARCHIVES
EXHIBITORS
AUCTIONS
FILMS
RARE OLD COMIC BOOK SALE
COSTUME PARADE
CONTACT:
PHIL SEULING
621 AVENUE "Z"
BROOKLYN ~ N.Y. 11223

contents

VAUGHN BODE VS. SNOW WHITE *Phil Seuling*
What incredible portents doth Vaughn bode? 14

WHENCE JEFF JONES? *Phil Seuling*
From what dark wells of weird surmise, Do the sources of Jeff Jones' talents arise? 16

C.C. BECK *Phil Seuling*
A nostalgic and appreciative backward look at the work of the artist who created Captain Marvel for twenty years, and who has just begun another long run. 19

BURNE HOGARTH
An analytic view of the man and artist who created the most memorable of *Tarzans* 28

MAC RABOY *Joe Parente and Phil Seuling*
Biographical notes to serve as background for the display of Raboy's art 31

1972 LUNCHEON INTERVIEWS
Transcribed by John Benson
Alex Toth and Jack Kirby in a cross-discussion of their motivations, persuasions, and their quest for more perfect visual story-telling techniques 36

BROOM-HILDA Cover (c) 1973 Chicago Tribune
Cover Art by Russell Myers

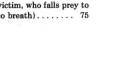
Convention Logo by Ken Barr
Entire Contents (c) 1973 by Phil Seuling

RUSS HEATH *Archie Goodwin*
Will the real Russ Heath's work please stand out? An editor's salute to an artist, rare in itself 44

HOTEL GUIDE *Daedalus*
Or: "Why the third floor is called one and the mezzanine is a balcony" 48

BATMAN, WHO IS YOUR FATHER? *Tom Fagan*
Could he create a long-running costumed hero which would catch the public's fancy? Bob Kane was able 52

COMICS ON PARADE *Tom Fagan*
The Comic Art Convention's annual gala gathering of gorgeously garbed guys and girls in retrospect. A parade of parades 60



THE RIME OF THE VALIANT PUBLISHER
Jerry DeFuccio and Sergio Aragones
The enduring moral of the Bill Gaines saga: never shoot an albatross no matter how EC it seems. 68

I'M IN LOVE WITH A GREEN LADY *Phil Seuling*
Russell Myers' decrepit beauty queen exerts her poison-green pulchritude on a susceptible victim, who falls prey to her winsome weirdness (and tobacco breath) 75

MARVEL COMICS
SALUTES THE 1973
NEW YORK COMIC ART
CONVENTION!
ALL CHARACTERS COPYRIGHT © 1973, MARVEL

THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT IN MAKING US NUMBER 1 IN COMICDOM!
That's Right! In the last half of 1972, MARVEL COMICS became the NUMBER ONE, TOP-SELLING line of comics in the world!
AND, TO CELEBRATE OUR SUCCESS— MARVEL'S BRINGING YOU AN EVER-GROWING LINE OF GREAT NEW MAGAZINES! WATCH FOR 'EM!
MONSTER MADNESS!
ZOMBIE
HAUNT OF HORROR
MONSTERS UNLEASHED
DRACULA LIVES!
VAMPIRE TALES
CRAZY MAGAZINE
SAVAGE TALES CONAN THE BARBARIAN

COMICS GROUP. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

WHO KNOWS
WHERE ALL THESE INCREDIBLE COMIC BOOKS, PIECES OF ORIGINAL ARTWORK, AND DYNAMITE COMICS-RELATED BOOKS AND MAGAZINES COME FROM?
SEULING KNOWS.
PAUL SEULING ✦ 121 AVENUE J ✦ BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11234 ✦ PHONE 212-934-8667

We Specialize In
Satisfying
Comic Customers

WE ALSO BUY AND SELL
BLBS, PULPS, AND TOYS

Send S.A.S.E. for
information or
50¢ for our list

FraNick Comics
c/o Nick Pappas
271 81st Street
Brooklyn, New York 11209

VAUGHN BODE VS. SNOW WHITE

Pot-bellied lizard-men walk flat-footedly across Vaughn Bodé's panels. Half-witted beasts of burden lumber along, moronically happy. The style is warm and humorous, amiable and attractive. We have obviously got another Disney here. Right? No.

We have obviously *not* got another Disney here! Look again, and what's more, *read!*

Those lizard-men slyly murmur to young women. The cartoony beasts lumber over war-ripped terrain, carrying flesh-destroying machines. The irony is as bitter as the taste of your own blood. The wit intensifies each scene. Drawn in by the amusing talking-animal pictures, you find yourself in heady waters, reading about matters somewhat above the level of Disney's audience. War, plague, sex, mental anguish, unpromising futures—!

This is wrong somehow. Disney amuses, Barks amuses, Walt Kelly amuses, Paul Terry amuses. And Bodé?

Bodé creates his own rules. He writes his own concepts. He attacks your sense of propriety to get at your comprehension.

There will never be a cotton candy appearing kiddie park called Bodé-World. He won't ever license out to manufacturers of infants' trap-door pajamas. Annette Funicello will never sing his songs.

But those of us who don't need rules to cling to like security blankets, who can tolerate, even admire a lack of structure (in a fluid medium), can endure the lack of a Disney in our lives. We have Bodé!

HOW MANY
COMIC BOOKS
DO YOU
HAVE
?

SUPERSNIPE
HAS MORE
!

SEND US YOUR WANT LIST

WHENCE JEFF JONES

We look at the work of Jeff Jones and we wonder at the mysterious figures, the windswept art nouveau landscapes, the somber lighting, the male and female bodies sculpted into life. And we wonder what goes on in his mind. How does he derive that power and elegance? What antic spirit moves his hand?

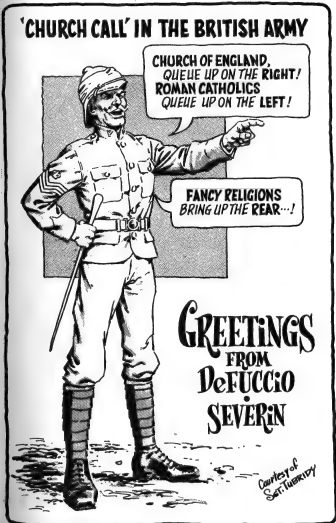
Find out. Meet him. Your first look is an odd sensation. Black hair and eyes, long John Carradine face, tall and gaunt, as if here were drawn by Jeff Jones. Now, there's an eerie thought: suppose the mind and body (particularly the eyesight) are all of a kind. Through Gothic eyes he sees Gothic sights, just as through green glasses we see green people and buildings. That would mean Jeff paints what he sees, spidery, choked figures peering out of semi-shadow, outlined starkly against total blackness. We are his models, although we cannot see ourselves this way, not until Jeff uses his eyes to see and his hand to draw us. No, that thought is obviously fantasy, no matter how willingly we are drawn into its possibilities. Let us look elsewhere, for his sources.

Let's talk to him. Plumb for the depths of his inspiration in his black disposition and glowering soul. But he disappoints. His words are friendly, lively, he has wit, admires his own puns, comes across more mischievous than satanic. His work, then, can't emanate from his rolling mind, unless . . .! Unless in his attic there is a portrait of him which changes from time to time, showing the fierceness of his view of the world while leaving his flesh and blood countenance unmarked! Oscar Wilde suggested it, and maybe Jeff Jones has achieved it. Better to think of other alternatives . . . .

Every artist is influenced by artists and styles that existed before him. Search and shuffle through the past to identify these in the case of Jeff Jones. Aubrey Beardsley watches over his shoulder as Jeff draws, and J. Allen St. John nods his approval. Shades of cathedral gargoyles hover. The word-paintings of Edgar Allan Poe are a whispered undercurrent in the chamber as his brush-strokes bring form out of the formless shadows. Visions of Robert E. Howard and L. Frank Baum shift in the half-light. Margaret Hamilton cackles evilly and greenly above.

The trouble with that approach is that it becomes absurd just when it was becoming useful.

What else (can we imagine) are the freshets from which the Jeff Jones talent swells and flows? Perhaps his burning vision brands itself almost of its own accord into each of his pages and paintings. Maybe he is a changeling. Maybe he traces. Perhaps he has sold his soul to the devil. Maybe there are some secrets better left alone. Maybe (machinery hums threateningly) we are tampering with forces beyond our control! (Lightning crackles!) Somewhere a twisted laboratory assistant cries, "There are things that man was never *meant* to know!"


'CHURCH CALL' IN THE BRITISH ARMY
CHURCH OF ENGLAND, QUEUE UP ON THE RIGHT!
ROMAN CATHOLICS QUEUE UP ON THE LEFT!
FANCY RELIGIONS BRING UP THE REAR...!
GREETINGS FROM DeFUCCIO • SEVERIN
Courtesy of Sgt. THOMPSON

THANK YOU, ALL THE SPECIAL GUESTS AT THE 1973 COMIC ART CONVENTION.

THANK YOU,ESPECIALLY, CONVENTION STAFF.

AND EXTRA THANKS TO THESE FRIENDS OF THE CONVENTION:

BILL DUBAY CARL GAFFORD JERRY DE FUCCIO GIL KANE
SERGIO ARAGONES SOL HARRISON MIKE KALUTA PEGGY
LYNNE MORRISON LIAM O'CONNOR ROY THOMAS GRAY MORROW
EILEEN MANDELL SANDY PLUNKETT ADAM GEWANTER
FLO STEINBERG DORIAN CALIA NEAL SIEGAL RENEE BODNER
RICHARD BOJARSKI GEORGE WARD JIM FRIEL KEN BARR
ARCHIE GOODWIN JOE PARENTE CAROL BELTRAN JOHN BENSON
LARRY IVIE PHIL SPECTOR ART COOPER JAMES HANLEY
GLORIA AGNEW ANNE SCOTTON JIM WARREN

DC
WITH ONE MAGIC WORD
20¢
SHAZAM!
NO. 1 JULY 1973
THE ORIGINAL Captain Marvel
IS THE AMAZING THAT REVEALED THE SECRET?

4...

DC
WITH ONE MAGIC WORD
20¢
SHAZAM!
THE ORIGINAL Captain Marvel
Captain Marvel Jr.
Mary Marvel

3...

DC
WITH ONE MAGIC WORD
20¢
SHAZAM!
THE ORIGINAL Captain Marvel

2...

DC
WITH ONE MAGIC WORD
20¢
SHAZAM!
THE ORIGINAL Captain Marvel
BOO

1...

... SHAZAM! IT'S

C.C. BECK

By Phil Seuling

When a writer takes it upon himself to discuss a person, it is better if he remains objective, somewhat detached from his subject. If he doesn't, he runs the risk of presenting an unbalanced and exaggerated portrayal of the subject. Hate a man too much and you paint him a devil, finding horns where there are none, and seeing no good in him at all. Like a man too much, and you canonize him a saint, overlooking his faults and romanticizing his accomplishments. Yes, it certainly makes sense to be as unbiased and impartial as you can.

All of which means it probably makes very *little* sense for me to be writing about C.C. Beck. I am *involved* in his work so deeply and admire him so greatly that what you read here is going to be an extended "fan-letter" type of statement. Let someone else be detached. I'm devoted.

Having discarded all claims to being a fair-minded reporter, let me begin my survey of C.C. Beck's work with a personal recollection. "Come with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear!" says the Lone Ranger's announcer, and I second the invitation.

The lives of pre-teen boys during summer days in the war years, 1941-1945, were not far different from the summerday lives of kids in the nineteen-seventies. Childhood at any time has certain characteristics familiar to everyone. For one thing it seems always to be summer. Days are incredibly long. The only anxieties about the future are whether it will rain tomorrow. Comic books are read and discarded and everywhere strewn about. (Collecting comes *much* later!) There's a scab on your knee. And you're always late to supper.

The only very different feature then was our unanimous, simple-minded view of the world: there were the bad guys (them) and the good guys (us). They were Nazis or gangsters or treacherous Japanese or saboteurs or people who kicked dogs. We were the U.S. Commandos or Rangers or Capt. America or Gene Autry or spies. We wished we could join the army and knew we would if the war went on and we got old enough. In the meanwhile we lived lives of almost pure pleasure, playing ball, listening to the best adventures that radio could provide, and reveling in comic books.

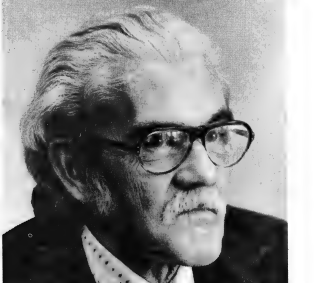
Comic books were our way of understanding forces bigger than ourselves. The politics of Europe were condensed into a German-accented Hitler-caricature who ran from costumed American heroes. The balance of Asian power structures was abbreviated into a vicious, toothy Tojo who cowered as American kid-gangs attacked and destroyed his "invincible" forces. Law and order? Easy. Criminals wore masks and magenta suits and didn't shave. Anything we did to them (beating, threats, torture, forced entry, duress, deceit) were perfectly OK because we were *right* and so everything we did must also be right.

That's not a good way to learn about the world, is it? Not for adults, no, I think not. But we were kids and alone

in our ignorance of worldly matters and adults had not time for us. Comic books were the blessed teacher-companions that would go as slow or fast as we needed. They illustrated ideas with fascinating stories and illustrated the stories with entertaining, gripping, amusing pictures! We could sit and study those situations and puzzle out those ideas, at our leisure, unhurriedly, without being tested on our memory of them afterward, and without adults to do our thinking for us. What unfettered joy!

Every comic book offered us lessons on humor, human relationships, pride, greed, crime, love, patriotism, fantasy, science, heroism, and the spectrum of human experience. We developed better posture by the example of Superman, acrobatics to try in empty lots from Batman, teamwork from the Blackhawks. The riches flowed endlessly from comic book pages to our minds.

And above all other comic books, we loved Captain Marvel. Often in the intervening years I've checked with people near in age and found that our feelings are alike in this respect. We aren't putting down any other characters or strips; we loved them all to varying degrees. But Captain Marvel was extraordinary. When there were stacks of books to choose from the *Captain Marvels* were grabbed first. If there was ever a dime to spend (not very often, although I'm not describing us as poor), it was spent on Captain Marvel. Immersed in 64 pages of Otto Binder's spellbinding stories and C.C. Beck's artwork, we were lost to the real world and in a much *more* real one. And this, after much preface, is the point of my words. It was the Otto Binder-C.C. Beck story-and-art combination that fired my mind, took hold of my fancy, gripped my attention, and evoked smiles by the thousand. Whatever my reaction buttons were, *Captain Marvel Adventures* punched them all.



How? What formula was it?

I believe it was a difficult to describe combination of features. Some of them I can figure out now, after years of considering the reasons for my susceptibility. Some are felt but not articulated even now.

First of course, there was the Otto Binder talent for arousing curiousity and sustaining it throughout a story. Were you ever "teased" by a cover into reading a story inside just to satisfy your mind? That's an Otto Binder specialty. Alfred Hitchcock says his films succeed because of *suspense*. Not the surprise ending, but the anticipation and anxiety about what happens next at at any given point in the film.

The same criterion makes Binder's stories the winners they are. I believe he defined (by his career) one method of story-telling that comic books will employ until there *are* no comic books: arouse the sense of wonder, intensify it, and of course satisfy it. Otto Binder's place in comic book history is secure,

And now let's consider the art. Look at it panel by panel, and full page by full page. It appears to be the work of someone who has mastered the fundamentals of cartooning and has gone no further. Each face registers one clearly understandable emotion. "Now draw the same face showing surprise." Maybe it's true after all that if you can learn to make circles with different shapes for mouths and eyebrows, you too can be a professional comic book artist. I think there's much more to the C.C. Beck technique than we have seen at this point. Let's keep looking.

Take one panel. Billy Batson, racing to meet someone, collides with an odd-looking stranger. What's in that panel? Billy, the oddball character, a fence...! And that's all. But maybe that panel isn't representative. We can examine panel after panel, page after page and we find out that Beck has included only what is essential to the story-telling and excluded all else. The result is a very characteristic open block, with blocks of color, little or no shading, flat backgrounds, and minimal detail. The look of fundamental cartooning adds to the simplified effect—and we realize that the work is studied rather than by chance. The effect sought is the one obtained.

And always, in nearly every individual panel, your anticipation grows. Who is that stranger? Will Billy arrive on time? Will the secret weapon work? The suspense which Otto Binder has written into his story has been converted into visual form. Again, the effect is not accidental.

There is one more element which I believe may be described by comparison with two "children's" strips that are both objects of devoted cults of followers. One is Carl Barks' *Uncle Scrooge*. The other is John Stanley's *Little Lulu*. What is the one element C.C. Beck's *Captain Marvel* shares with these two classic strips?

It is a highly developed, intelligent (almost intellectual) sense of whimsy. Probably the most difficult form of humor to succeed at, whimsy requires a wry and amused viewpoint and an almost religious belief in the capacity of others to share that view. The tendency to over-explain is a threat to its delicate success. And with a less deeply-rooted sense of amusement at the foibles of mankind, one could veer into silliness.

Beck, Stanley, and Barks all maintain that precious balance. All three draw for an audience of sensitive and appreciative minds. All three have been rewarded by finding the reception they had faith enough to expect.

There are some devotees of comic art who can't quite digest the success of artists who *obviously* can't make their work into an approximation of reality. These fans will dwell on the work of the realists and ultra-realists in the field, and turn away from a source of genuine delight.

Because C.C. Beck wants to people his wonder-filled world with romantic or comic representations of ourselves, not hold up a mirror. He respects our right to see as well as read fantasy. He shares our need for the big simply drawn hero. He is faithful to the flavor of his stories. His genius is in the total communication of idea, suspense, and fancy to the young (or young-minded) reader.

Because there was a Captain Marvel for me to teethe on, I can now read science-fiction by Harlan Ellison, or *The Wizard of Oz* (I said *read)* or any/ everything by Kurt Vonnegut, or *Catch-22,* or the *Furry Freak Brothers.* And in each I catch a style, a flavor, an essence of its own. I trust these authors to have thoughts I can enjoy because there were those Binder and Beck mind-candies in my past and always always I will be seeking more of the same. I have an irrevocably whetted appetite. And I'm grateful.

Within the past week, I bought the new giant one-dollar *Shazam* book. When my twelve-year-old daughter and her two friends saw it, they sat down on the floor right where they had stood and in minutes were submerged in quiet absorption.

Here we go again. For her and me, thank you, C.C. Beck.

#1 $2.00

#2 $1.50

#3 $1.50

#4 $1.00

#3 $3.00

#4 $3.00

#5 $3.00

#6 $4.00

#7 $2.00

COLLECTORS' SPECIALS

ALL 4 SHRIEKS ONLY $5.
ALL 5 MONSTERS & HEROS ONLY $12.

WE HAVE ALMOST 4 MILLION MONSTER MAGAZINES AND COMIC BOOKS. THIS IS THE LARGEST INVENTORY OF THIS TYPE MERCHANDISE IN AMERICA. WE SHIP WITHIN 24 HOURS. WE'RE IN BUSINESS OVER 35 YEARS.

SEND TO: COMIC BOOKS 519 Acorn Street Deer Park, N.Y. 11729

MONS. & HERO ☐3, ☐4, ☐5, ☐6, ☐7.

SHRIEK ☐1, ☐2, ☐3, ☐4.

ADD 25¢ POSTAGE.

I am enclosing $_____ for _____ Books

NAME: .....

ADDRESS: .....

CITY ..... State ..... Zip .....

Checks must clear before shipment. Cash and money orders will be shipped immediately

JAY-BEE
MAGAZINES

776 EIGHTH AVE.
(BETWEEN W. 47 & W. 48)
NEW YORK CITY

OPEN DAILY MONDAY THROUGH SUNDAY
FROM 11:00 A.M. TO 8:00 P.M.

★ **OLD COMIC BOOKS**
★ **MARVEL COMICS**
★ **MONSTER MAGAZINES**
★ **MOVIE STILLS**
★ **POSTERS**

...AND WE BUY COLLECTIONS, TOO!

EVERYBODY KNOWS BEING BIG MEANS BEING BETTER.

MARVEL, DC, HARVEY & ARCHIE TURN OUT GREAT COMICS BECAUSE THEY'RE THE BIGGEST COMPANIES IN AMERICA!

WARREN PUBLISHING'S GONNA BE CRUSHED BY THE COMPETITION FROM THE BIG GUYS!

BULL!

WARREN PUBLISHING
THE LITTLE GUYS WITH THE BIG MAGAZINES

BURNE HOGARTH: THE ANATOMY OF A CLASSIC

By Phil Seuling

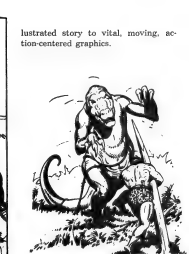
Burne Hogarth did not create *Tarzan*. That was accomplished by Edgar Rice Burroughs many years before Hogarth came to the strip. Nor was he the first to do the comic art version. The artist who initiated the strip was Hal Foster, who would later turn to *Prince Valiant*. But of all the artists who worked on the strip, earlier or later, Hogarth is the name we associate with the most dynamic, romanticized, eye-catching, and stylized *Tarzan* ever. His work has been reprinted, used as study-material for art students, sold for sky high sums to collectors, and has recently appeared in an entirely new version in a best-selling hardcover book.

Hogarth himself is a frequent lecturer, guest of honor at art seminars, and in Europe he has been celebrated at least as much as any contemporary American artist. His work has been shown in various places on the Continent, most notably the Louvre.

It is apparent, when we look back over the years of his work, why the *Tarzan* adventures were the perfect meeting of a man, and an idea, and a time. The *Tarzan* adventures were read by millions of young people as they were published in book or magazine form. Reading was the nation's prime entertainment prior to the nineteen-thirties. Movies hadn't yet become everyone's opium, television wasn't yet on the scene, and radio was the only real competition. Newsstands were crowded with newspapers (many per city) and countless hundreds of magazines. The magazines were not centered, as today, on pictures, articles, and news! They were filled with stories of every nature. There was time to read, then, plenty of time on our hands. But times were changing.

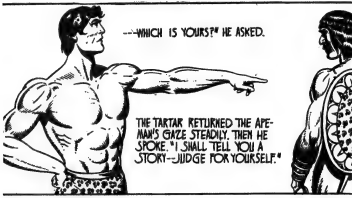
As our lives became more mechanized, more city-centered, more impatient of "wasted" time, we looked more and more to shortcuts. "Gone With The Wind" took three hours to see, compared to days or weeks to read. The visual form of communicating became the preferred one. In the early nineteen-thirties *Tarzan* appeared in newspapers in comic strip form with long text passages beneath each picture. The *Tarzan* strip never stopped after that. People were ready to see as well as read about this jungle adventure. Hal Foster was the consummate master of illustration and produced fine, well-composed scenes for every panel. But times were still changing. In the late thirties, the strip changed hands and changed the world's concept of *Tarzan*.

The new artist was Burne Hogarth. For a few months, the classic and beautiful illustrator's style set by Foster was followed. But there were energies still to be loosed, ideas about visual dynamics to come forth. Gradually but radically a new style emerged. *Tarzan* was no longer illustrated text as it had always truly been. In the same kind of change which made movies movies instead of single-set stage plays on film, Hogarth turned *Tarzan* away from illustrated story to vital, moving, action-centered graphics.



Now the pictures carried the story! The muscle-rippling dives, the running figures, the super-noble bearing of Tarzan, the crouching men in ambush, the struggles with various beasts, the tidal wave, the background of fronds and ferns, the muscles again, and again and again. Exuberant vitality excited the reader and made *Tarzan* the precursor of thousands of comic book and comic strip heroes to come after.

Hogarth knew the human figure and its basic structures, and *used* this knowledge in his work as few others have been able to do. He wrote a book, *Dynamic Anatomy*, whose title tells us much of Hogarth's viewpoint. The human body is more than the subject of a still-life. It moves, ripples, leans forward, jumps and lands on its feet, and fascinates artists with its versatility. The fascination was passed on to *Tarzan's* readers through Hogarth's art.


---WHICH IS YOURS?" HE ASKED.
THE TARTAR RETURNED THE APE-MAN'S GAZE STEADILY. THEN HE SPOKE. "I SHALL TELL YOU A STORY--JUDGE FOR YOURSELF."

In the 1940's, Burne Hogarth founded the School of Visual Arts, whose students have gone on to populate the world of professional comic artists. There are now dozens and dozens of artists who employ the techniques developed by Hogarth. He has as many followers as admirers.

But for strength of image, and employment of a high-adventure-style for a high-adventure-hero, and for an incomparable success at infusing living power into visual story-telling, there is only one Burne Hogarth!

MAC RABOY

When he signed a contract with King Features in 1947 to take over the *Flash Gordon* Sunday page, it was a dream come true for Mac Raboy. Alex Raymond, the originator of Flash, had been his idol and inspiration. Now he was stepping up into his place, continuing the strip he had admired since its beginning.

When Flash Gordon started in 1934 Raboy was 20 years old and looking for his own start in the field of illustration. It would be five years before he began working in the area of comic art. But these five years were spent in developing the skills of his hand and eye, and in making more than just money. His reputation grew as his work progressed, work he produced for the Graphic Arts Division of the W.P.A. (Works Progress Administration - a government agency designed to make work for part of the vast depression-unemployed labor force). His woodcuts were exhibited in galleries and museums across the nation. Six of them are in the permanent collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. Samples of his work were chosen to represent the United States in several international exhibitions.

Always luring him, though, were the pages of color and adventure and beauty which appeared each Sunday, and even more tempting were the new products that were then sky-rocketing to success—comic books! As these books attracted readers by the millions, publishers rushed to supply the seemingly limitless market. Raboy was by now performing the "creative" tasks of the commercial artist—layouts, paste-ups, lettering, and so forth. Soon the artist and the medium he loved so well were joined, as he became part of the Harry A. Chesler comic book publishing company. There were many Chesler people who were also Fawcett people, and within a short space of time Raboy found himself creating *Masterman, Mr. Scarlet, Ibis,* and the powerfully attractive *Bulletman.* Mac Raboy had come to the comic art field. He was there to stay.

In the body of his life's work, two comic book characters stand above his other creations. The first and best-known was *Captain Marvel, Jr.* Billy Batson became an adult Captain Marvel, but Raboy's Freddy Freeman became equally super-powered while staying youthfully vibrant, slim, handsome. The artwork was a salute to youth and health. Which is as it should be, since the motivating force behind Captain Marvel, Jr.'s creation was to save Freddy Freeman from his hopelessly crippled condition. And when he flew, how he flew! Back arched, hands reaching forward, hair streaming as he met the wind—it was how a human would fly if a human *could* fly. [Years ago, upon meeting Gil Kane, the point came up that he too, used this excellent way to depict human flight. "Certainly," he said, "I worked with Raboy for years."]

The second great feature from Raboy's pen was the *Green Lama.* The character has existed before, but left to his own devices, and given a whole book to work with, Raboy brought costume and gimmick and art together with incredible effect. The mere eight issues of this title are a connoisseur's prize.

Raboy had been the artist for Flash Gordon for 20 years when he died in 1967. That strip and his work in comic book art insure him a place in the pantheon of comic art greats.

Joe Parente
Phil Seuling

[Joe Parente owns and operates the Little Nemo Art Gallery, where much of Raboy's work is on permanent display.]

HUGO HEAD-STONE
MONSTER MAGAZINE PUBLISHER
YGOR! WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE HOW TO GET MY MAGAZINE DISGUSTING MONSTERS PLUGGED AT THE COMICON!
HEY BOSS - HOW ABOUT DISGUISING YOURSELF AS AN APE? THE MONSTER TIMES USED THAT GIMMICK TO PLUG THEIR MAG LAST YEAR!
YGOR YOU'RE A GENIUS! NOT ONLY CAN I GO THERE UNRECOGNIZED- BUT I CAN ADVERTISE DISGUSTING MONSTERS AND RECRUIT NEW TALENT AT THE SAME TIME!
BOSS - WHY DON'T YOU GET A BRAND NEW COSTUME - THIS ONE IS FALLING APART - -
NONSENSE! I HAVE A SOLUTION FOR THE PROBLEM!
I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING - BOSS!
YOU'VE GOT TO BE RESOURCEFUL, YGOR OR YOU'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE - POUR ANOTHER QUART IN HERE!
LATER..
WHAT AN EXCELLENT DISGUISE!
HEAD-STONE MONSTER
MAGAZINE PUBLISHER
HEY FELLAS! A STOOGE FROM DISGUSTING MONSTERS! HE MIGHT HELP US GET OUR STOLEN MONEY BACK!
OH-NO!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THE HOTEL!
GOOD LORD! I CAN'T GET THE RING OFF!
HERE'S A LOCAL NEWS REPORT - LY TYING UP THE METROWN AREA STRUGGLE IT WAS CAPTURED - THE BEAST SEEMS CONFUSED - THE TRYING TO TEAR THE SKIN FROM ITS BODY - IT'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR IS CURRENTLY BEING STUDIED BY ANIMAL PSYCHIATRISTS - -
LOOK AT IT THIS WAY BOSS - IMAGINE ALL THE BANANAS YOU WILL GET TO EAT!
ANIMAL PSYCHIATRIST

ARCHIE COMIC PUBLICATIONS HAILS THE 1973 COMIC ART CONVENTION BY INTRODUCING A BRAND NEW COMIC! LOOK FOR...

1972 COMIC ART CONVENTION LUNCHEON

JACK KIRBY & ALEX TOTH

JIM STERANKO: Jack, I think one of the things on everybody's mind today when they view your work is the question, "What will Jack Kirby do next?" So, briefly, could you tell us some of the things that you have planned in the immediate future?

JACK KIRBY: Well, let's say that, being a family man, it's going to be nothing exotic [laughter, applause]. It's going to be a very, very wholesome character, with all of the virtues that a wholesome character should have, but with enough interest in his exploits to maybe sustain him with the readers for a long time. Of course, the books I have coming out now are *Kamandi, the Last Boy on Earth,* which is kind of a unique thing, and *The Demon,* which is a demon as a super hero, and also a challenge because of its uniqueness—that's already out, and it seems to be initially getting a response. So I'm trying a lot of things, but I think they're worthwhile because of their uniqueness, and I hope you all like them, and I hope to do a lot of other things in the future that will really interest you. The only thing I can say is keep looking, keep watching, keep reading, and I thank you for every time you pick up some of my stuff [applause].

STERANKO: About a month and a half ago a number of people got together for an International Congress of Comics. About 90 cartoonists from all over the world, from Spain, Italy, South America, Mexico, converged at a hotel here in New York, and it was not a surprise to discover that many, many of them spoke of Alex Toth—Robert Gigi, Jean Giraud, and in particular Hugo Pratt, who won a number of awards this year as an international cartoonist, told me that one of his influences was Alex Toth. Alex has always been the artist's artist, and maybe we can get him to make a few comments about his position as that kind of a cartoonist.

ALEX TOTH: Heh heh, you kind of left me hanging there. I don't know exactly what to say. "My position as being an artist's artist," is that what you said?

PHIL SEULING: Is that like a gentleman's gentleman? [laughter].

TOTH: Well, it's very flattering to be called that—an artist's artist. But anyway . . . I'm also told I'm not commercial enough, and I hear that often enough that I'm starting to believe it.

STERANKO: I think that's to your credit.

TOTH: Well, whatever. But the bank account doesn't get any bigger. That's about all I can say about that particular question.

STERANKO: Does anyone have some questions?

BOB COSGROVE: In the display downstairs there are three large ink drawings that struck me as attempts to portray your version of God. I wonder if you could comment a little about those. Also, will your firm Communicators Unlimited be offering prints of them?

KIRBY: First let me say that Communicators Unlimited is a firm which was organized by my son Neal and

Steve Sherman, and what they're doing is using me as a product just as you would use apples and oranges. You have to start somewhere, and I was just the nearest thing that was around. I've given them that, and I think that they've been using it to the best advantage possible. Also, I think they're rendering a service to people interested in comics with the exhibit downstairs, by illustrating comics in the various stages of production. I think that kind of thing has never been done, and fans have had to scrounge for some kind of evidence on what the comic medium is like. I feel that all the operations of doing a comic should be made available to people who want to know how it's done. And Communications Unlimited is doing that in a limited way [laughter], but at least they're doing it. I'm hoping a lot that they'll have a future—I think they will. Because they're young, they've got plenty of time, and they'll do it.

As for God . . . [laughter]. Gods are nothing to laugh at [laughter]. If we laugh at gods we laugh at dramatic versions of ourselves. Gods are not the objects we think they are. Sure, they're overpowering, they're omnipresent, they overwhelm us and they make a lot of noise. *Sure* they make a lot of noise, because, individually, gods are us, they are our own feelings, the feelings that we never express. Sure, we'd like to have a lot of money, but we never do. We'd like to say a lot of things, but we never say them. And we want to live as an overpowering presence which we're never going to do, because we're just average people and we're going to live average lives, we're going to live as comfortably as we can, and that's rational. But inside us are these feelings and we have to express them and they come out as gods.

People make a mistake when they think people are taking a passive interest by worshipping these images, which are merely themselves. I think it must have been some Norseman with a rusty helmet and a muddy beard sitting on the bank of a river scratching himself . . . he looked like nothing, you know, and he knew it, but somehow he wanted to have a better image of himself, and he concocted Odin and Thor and Hercules and Samson and a lot of other figures that stood sky high. And in that reflection he saw himself, and by worshipping that reflection he himself became bigger, and his helmet became shinier and his beard became silkier, and he was able to throw around that thunder and lightning. And it didn't hasn't changed much, except that we're sophisticated enough to rationalize it a little better. *We* know what they are, at least I think so, and except insofar as that. I use them in comics because they *are* impressive, they *are* powerful. You don't have to analyze them, but you can enjoy them by absorbing their exploits. They're really superb images. And actually those are the things that you'd like to be doing, making a noise bigger than yourself, being an image bigger than yourself. I think people might have seen that in the first Superman. We all live with these ideal images . . . some times bad images. And those are a reflection of ourselves, too. I feel that my character Orion is all of us; the good side and the bad side of us.

Actually, in ourselves are some kind of a grand opera, only in our every day living only the writers and artists see it dramatically. We see it dramatically too, but only in our own eyes. So when we see it expressed in a magazine we relate to it. We sense that it isn't just Orion and it isn't just Darkseid, Darkseid and Orion are within somewhere. So the Gods, or anything else that we write about, are all reflection on ourselves, what we'd like to be, what we don't like to be, what we hate, what we love, and what we love and hate at the same time. So, sure the stories are sometimes contrived, sometimes uninspired, but they're *stories;* the characters and the cast are real, because whatever's in that story is a reflection of th

guy who buys that comic book.

STERANKO: Jack, from the very beginning of your career you've been concerned, perhaps obsessed in some cases with the gods-on-earth theme, going all the way back to your character Mr. Miracle. Do you know how that started?

KIRBY: It must be a hangup of some kind [laughter]. I'm prone to my own environment and express it in the terms of gods. Maybe I was oriented to some sort of mythology. I speak in terms of mythology. Another man will speak in terms of straight adventure, or in terms of romance. I'm communicating in my own way. And I try to make variations of it from time to time in order to be commercial. I have to make a living; I have a family. I'm oriented in that direction.

STERANKO: Jack, you created your own niche in the comics field, particularly with the kid gangs; the Young Allies, the Boy Commandos, the Newsboy Legion, the Boy Explorers. And the Challengers of course were a team; the X-Men and the Forever People was a magnificent team of the '70's, the '60's and the future. Do you have any other plans for a group of heroes?

KIRBY: That's always a possibility. The group thing is familiar to me. That's not a hangup, that's environment. I was brought up in that environment. That was the easiest thing to come up with in comics for me, because it was something I knew. Some people called it a club; around my neighborhood they called it a gang—"a gang of kids." It had no evil connotation to us—just kids that hung around together. I knew their types—I tried to reflect their types. And when they began they got a good response, because there were other people involved in the same sort of thing. So, of course, if I'm going to do another book I might very well do it, because it would come very natural to me.

STERANKO: Could you tell your listeners about the evolution of your style as an artist? You started back in 1938 or 9. Like Alex, you were also an animator, at the Fleischer studios. That certainly must have had a great deal to do with your ability to envision action on a page, action like no other cartoonist has ever evolved. Could you tell us something about your concepts of action and movement on a comic book page?

KIRBY: Movement to me is everything. Analyzing it now as a mature person, to me motion is life. Something that doesn't move is dead, and I instinctively like to live. Everything I do moves—when it stops moving I don't touch it. Of course, in the early period I would never have analyzed it that way. I liked figures that moved, figures that fought and twisted, and there's nothing ugly there. Violence is just like a well-timed dance, a ballet. I'd put myself in these situations, and it would become like a problem—what would happen if I fought five guys, if I fought six guys, and I'd work out the whole problem, and I'd be timing it perfectly, you know.

I suppose, like Woody Allen, I have these fantasies and I put them down on paper, and I thought they came out great. And I tried to work them out in animated sequence. Of course, in reality I'd have gotten the bejabbers knocked out of me and wound up in some hospital ward. But in those fantasies you couldn't beat me [laughter]. Not only that, but I looked graceful—which I wasn't; I was very poorly coordinated. So, sure, I think the comics field is that—for bringing some of my fantasies into graphic form. I had the opportunity to do it, and I was gratified for that reason [applause].

SEULING: I want to ask a question that kind of leads from that. Jack talked about motion and we all know what he's talking about. Alex, your stuff is very filmic also. You can see a motion

picture developing, frame by frame, panel by panel. But there seems to be a difference. Do I see it right, or do you think I'm wrong when I say that Jack's movement originates with the subject and your movement originates with the camera?

TOTH: I'm sure getting some hard questions here. I don't know how to answer that. I think the subject is what dictates the layout. I hope you're reading me wrong. I like to be true to the subject and give it whatever I think it needs. I also like action.

I just want to jump back to something as far as Jack is concerned. Whatever our differences may be in approach, I think Jack has got a *positive* thing going in his work. We've had an awful lot of negative things come into comics and magazines in recent years, but I think his stuff pulls the readers constantly because there is a positive force constantly being expressed there. And when we talk about gods, we're really talking about heroes, and "heroes" has become kind of a dirty word. In the last ten years or so we've gotten into the non-hero, anti-hero thing, and we got into this thing about the common man. But when we got into "common man" we got into "slob." And I think that is not "common man." I think that was a downgrade of what "common man" was really all about. And I think we're more interested in the *uncommon* man and that gets us back into "hero" and that gets us back into "gods," and someone to follow and admire and emulate. And that's something that will never be knocked out of Kirby. That will always be there, that positive dynamic force which is "hero"—and it's *not* a dirty word.

Getting back to my thing again, I've studied film for years, and it's more or less dictated how I interpret things in pacing a story. And very often I disagree with the writer as to the breakdown of a page or the pacing of the scenes either by putting more panels in or maybe changing some or leaving some out for the betterment of the story. But I hope that I'm being true to the subject. I respect good writing and I don't respect bad writing, and I try to be true to that script, and I like to plus it whenever possible—that's our job. A bum script comes in and you've got to make that thing work. And that's the job, to give the story as much as you can to make it work better, and *sell* it. That's the name of the game, selling it, interesting all of you out there in buying it.

I happen to work in things that are perhaps a little quieter than Jack's, and since I have worked in film . . . eventually . . . I found that there was this very close affinity between the script and storyboarding the film and film itself, whether live or animation.

STERANKO: Do you find there's a difference in approach between an animated film and the breakdown for a live action film?

TOTH: Well, you credited me with being an animator, and I'm not an animator. I have laid out for animation, and I have designed for animation, and I have done some animation, but very very little, and I wouldn't dare call myself animator. It's a very complex ballgame.

STERANKO: Is there a difference in your approach to a film and a comic book?

TOTH: Well, not in the technical sense; I think it's in the method. No, the approach is the same. I don't switch gears when I'm doing a storyboard for a film or a strip for a magazine. It's reading and rereading that story, and sometimes you're board to death with it, but you gotta draw it. Sometimes there's *nothing* in there . . . you're totally turned off. But you try to create your own little hook to hang your enthusiasm on. You've got to do that; otherwise

you turn out a loser. If you have a good script it just sails through your board—it draws itself. And that's a great thing, to be carried on by a good story. And they're so damn hard to come by.

STERANKO: You said something last year which I have never forgotten. You said, "For the first half of my career I was concerned with discovering as many things as possible to put into my stories: storytelling, texture, detail. And the second half of my career I have worked as hard as I could to *leave out* all the things . . ."

TOTH: That goes back to this little fellow sitting over here—Sol Harrison used to drive me out of my mind! From 1947 to 1952 I was working at National Comics and was Production Manager there. I'd bring in a job and the editor would see it and then I'd walk into the Production Department and I'd show it to Sol, whose opinion I respected, and he'd always say the same damn thing; "Very nice—but you don't know what to leave out." So I used to go around obsessed with him about this, and I'd say, "What the hell do you mean? I'm trying to do my best." But, "You don't know what to leave out," was always the comeback.

Finally Robert Kubert and I started exchanging letters on various subjects aside from work, and we got into a little correspondence discussion about "how do we change through the years." And that's when I made that observation. It finally hit me that that's what happens to an artist or a writer or any other professional. You're learning, you're reaching out for all kinds of things to put into your work. You're constantly exposed to all kinds of influences and bits of information that you're seeking out in order to enrich your work, and I think you do spend the first half of your career, however long it may be, in learning what to put in, and it's only after you've reached a certain age or maturity that suddenly you start to look at it in a different way, and you say, "There's too much going on in there that doesn't need to be there." Now, how do you leave out that right thing, you know . . . *that's* the secret of it. And I think you'll see that in the work of artists—painters going all the way back in time, sculptors, writers, who finally honed their craft down to a point where they are able to condense all of what they want to say into the least amount there.

You have more fun with it as the observer or the reader, especially as the observer of art, because when you do come upon a simple piece of work, your eye draws in all the rest of it that isn't there. You're participating, and this is a kick that we all have. I have it to this day. I just bought a twelve-year run of Roy Crane's *Wash Tubbs*, from 1930 to 1942. Now that man draws so simply that you can count the lines. It's all that stuff that he leaves out that he lets you participate in . . . it's beautiful, it's absolutely gorgeous artwork, and it's a lot of fun. He had a lot of fun, and he makes you have a lot of fun reading it, looking at it and enjoying it. And it's the same with Jack.

If your work is too rich, if you're socking in all of this gorgeous technique panel after panel, you bore the hell out of your reader. You've got to let him rest once in a while, back off and participate by drawing in that detail he doesn't see there in black and white. And I think that's the key to it—simplicity, economy. I have been told that my work is economical. I still don't think so. There's still a hell of a lot there that could be thrown out or revised.

And apropos of this I remember many years ago I used to usher at the Society of Illustrators during their lecture season. And Robert Fawcett, who was one of the greatest magazine illustrators we ever had, walked onto the stage at one lecture with this huge 30'x40' illustration board which he turned facing the wall away from the audience. And after his talk he picked it up, turned it around; and it was a huge copy

that he had made of a Peter Arno cartoon, and you know how simple his work was. And Robert Fawcett said, "I'm not going to rest until my work is as simple as this." That was a beautiful line, and he meant every word of it. We're all striving for that economy to do more with less. It's a great thing to strive for . . . I've talked a hell of a lot.

KIRBY: I think what Alex is trying to say is . . . [laughter, applause] what he's trying to say is that a single line by an artist could be a cop out from doing an extensive picture. But a line from a good artist is different, because the good artist will pick out the line that is important, the line that he thinks you would like to see. A good artist can do something very simple, which I would like to do sometime, instead of putting a whole battle scene into a panel.

There's something else I would like to stress. You mentioned Sol Harrison, and there are other members of the production staff, and there are the editors, like Nelson Bridwell. Strangely enough, artists will sometimes have their own ego trip about a magazine; "*I* contributed the art." Or a writer will say, "*I* contributed the writing." Well, the production staff and the editorial staff also make a big contribution. The overall magazine has an individual stamp—it's an individual stamp of a lot of people. The conceptions of a lot of people go into that one magazine. You see the individual stamp of the log, which makes the magazine its own distinct product; the individual stamp of the lettering. You can tell a DC magazine a mile away. Why? Because these people have made it its own unique product. So I feel that the production staff—people like Sol Harrison and Nelson Bridwell—should be given their own recognition for contributing to the overall product, because the overall product is the thing that interests you.

STERANKO: As long as they don't make any changes in our work.

KIRBY: Ok, but that's between us. That's not between the reader and the magazine. Sure, we have our differences; we iron them out, we come to compromises, sometimes we come together, loggerheads, but that's our business.

But the overall product is almost like a fingerprint, the individual fingerprint of a group of people and that's what's marvelous about it, because it's really a living thing; it's put together by a group mind.

STERANKO: I think Sol Harrison had a comment to make on his relationship with Alex back in the '50's and after the '50's.

TOTH: You don't dare.

SOL HARRISON: I just wanted to say . . . [applause] that as far as Alex is concerned and as far as National is concerned, I think he's learned his lesson very very well [laughter]. There is nobody today who can touch him because he's just at the crest of his career as far as commercial comics are concerned. And no matter what he says about improving the product [as he did in his keynote speech], I think it's very healthy for our industry, and I think it's the future he's going to see some things that he'll be more happy with.

STERANKO: Alex, of course there's a great difference between your work and Jack's. You are perhaps at opposite ends of the spectrum, but both are magnificent talents. Could you tell us something about your approach to the performance of the story that you're telling? I know both of you are great romanticists, but whereas Jack is mostly concerned with the cosmic kind of romance your work seems to embody a kind of high fashion romance [scattered laughter]. Your work, your people are very chic [laughter]. Bob Powell drew ugly people in ugly ways into his stories very human kinds of people. You draw

some stars in yours. It is a very kind of high fashion approach to comics. You're a romanticist.

TOTH: You know you ask me unanswerable questions, you know that? I don't know what the hell he's talking about [laughter]. Jack, you interpreted what I said. Now you interpret what he said [laughter].

KIRBY: He said you were slick [laughter, sustained applause].

TOTH: Old slick, eh? Well, I don't think I have a talent for fantasy. My talent has to do with reality. I can't quite go out into those other worlds that Jack can. That's his own thing. I deal with reality; I try to keep one foot in reality, whatever the subject matter is. I've tried to stretch into some of the areas where Jack has been, and I don't think it's worked—I don't think I fit there.

I think it's because of the interest in film and what is possible that makes me come off kind of quiet in the way I interpret stories. My interests center in that area—the way things really are, as opposed to any high imaginary level, and I think that's maybe what you're talking about; about real type people. The movie star bit I don't cotton to much. Believable people and believable characters is what I'm about.

STERANKO: But you draw beautiful people.

TOTH: I never look at them that way. I have been aware of the fact that I can't draw a handsome face as well as I could maybe twenty years ago. I think I'm getting a little off into more average faces perhaps. So the movie star label I don't think is valid. I must disagree, Steranko.

KIRBY: It's a very strange thing; in many of my characters I'll see reflections of my own family. Somehow it just comes out that way. And it can be a villain, a hero, or a guy in the crowd, and he'll suddenly look like my father or my uncle, and I've had a couple look like my brother-in-law—he never looked so good [laughter]. An artist draws from his own environment; whatever he sees in his own experience I think comes out in the drawing. And sometimes it's even shocking to me to find people I like from my own family suddenly coming out as characters that are very unwholesome. But the resemblance is there, and it's one aspect of the strip that becomes very entertaining to me. If other artists really looked into it, they could probably find their families there. I remember that Steve Ditko would draw characters which would all look unique to his own ethnic group, but it's because he knew those people and I knew my own people. Alex probably knew . . .

STERANKO: Movie stars [laughter].

KIRBY: All I can say is that he's lived in Hollywood longer than I have. If all of you were to have an opportunity to draw or express yourself in some way, it would all come out in the things that you know. Worshipping the individual as I do, I feel that every individual is valuable because he is an individual, and because he is alive. Whatever he does is valuable too, and it's interesting because it's an expression of his own experience. So I feel that Al has seen very nice things and met very nice people. You know, when Jim said he's slick, I feel that he's met some very slick characters [laughter].

STERANKO: I know that when you're asked what your favorite strip is you always answer the one you're working on now. But if you had to be remembered for one particular series in your 35 years in comics, what would that series be?

KIRBY: I'd like to be remembered for my work, really [laughter]. "I'm going to be remembered"—he's already speaking about me in the past tense [laughter].

The only thing I can say is that I've always tried to do my best at every stage of my time. I know that when I began I'd feel very foolish like anybody without any training. The opportunities for training and practicing are much more abundant today than they were in my day. I think people are all willing to help today. It was very hard for me to learn to draw, because I had to cannibalize everybody in sight. I'd take some body's fingers and somebody's arms and somebody's shading, and of course, I incorporated it into my own style. And sooner or later my anatomy began to straighten itself out.

HARRISON: When? [laughter].

KIRBY: Sol is the company's finest boy. Nobody is perfect with him, and that's good. He's always going to remind you that you're human, and you've gotta have a guy like that around.

TRANSCRIBED AND EDITED FOR PUBLICATION BY JOHN BENSON

JACK KIRBY MATERIAL FROM

COMMUNICATORS unlimited

COMIC BOOKS

Monster, Science Fiction & Movie Mags., TV Guides, Doc Savage, Original Art, Gum Cards, Playboys, Movie Items, Books, Photos, Toys, Big Little Books, Posters, Pulps, Collectors Items, Games, Pocket Books, Buttons, Radio & Cereal Premiums, Etc.

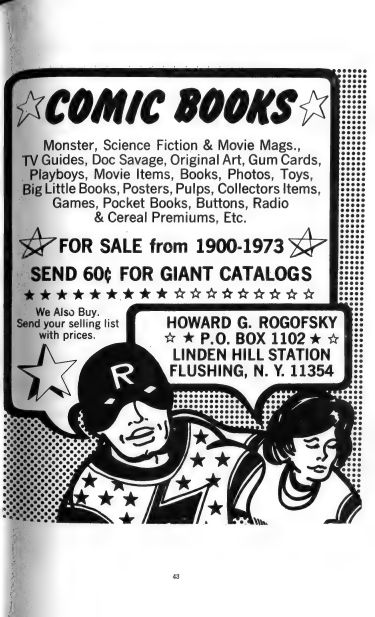
FOR SALE from 1900-1973

SEND 60¢ FOR GIANT CATALOGS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

We Also Buy.
Send your selling list with prices.

HOWARD G. ROGOFSKY
☆ ★ P.O. BOX 1102 ★ ☆
LINDEN HILL STATION
FLUSHING, N. Y. 11354

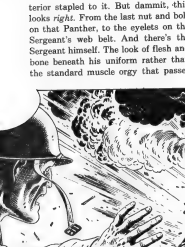


RUSS HEATH

It's World War II, right? And here's this American Sergeant, huge belts of .50 caliber ammo slung over each shoulder, blazing tommy gun in hand, charging across the snow right into the fire of a big ass German Panther tank, bullets tearing gouts in the ground, the trees, and him. Down he goes . . . and right back up, like some kind of maniac kid's toy, lobbing a grenade right into the tank's open turret. *BA-LANNG!* John Wayne stuff, right? There's no way I'm going to believe that, right?

Wrong. Oh, I scoff a bit first. I haven't been much at accepting on faith since, as a young fan, I laid out three beans for what appeared to be WEIRD SCIENCE #6, but turned out to be the *cover* of same with a *Mighty Mouse* interior stapled to it. But dammit, this looks *right*. From the last nut and bolt on that Panther, to the eyelets on the Sergeant's web belt. And there's the Sergeant himself. The look of flesh and bone beneath his uniform rather than the standard muscle orgy that passes for a living being in most comics to[day]. the feeling of mass, of weight, of [hu]man awkwardness as he moves [as] falls; the shock and rage that cha[nges] his face on being hurt. I see these [de]tails and, McGovern-supporter-[to]-the-bombing-in-Cambodia-petition-[sig]er or not, I buy the whole thing. [Mr.] Heath has convinced me again.

By and large, comics are vehicles [for] the fantastic. Whether it's some [Ma]N in a crazy outfit leaping tall buil[dings] with a single bound or a full-scale [war] between Asgard and the Trolls, no [one] or medium can beat comics for showi[ng] it, for making it believable in comi[c] And that last is the name of the game. The further you move from the fanta[stic], the more you're in direct comp[eti]tion with TV and movies, where inc[red]ible believability can come pretty [re]ally with the pointing of a camera. I t[hink] this is a contributing factor to the [de]clining interest in the more realistic g[en]re in comics. What crime comic could [ev]er compete with "Bonnie and Clyde?" [Or] western with a Peckinpah or [Le]ttieri



Yet, there's one area where com-
are still competing. The war comic.
d the guy most often beating the cel-
ed people at their own game is Russ
ith.
Give me something real and I can do
Like a guillotine. There's terror in
t, but it's real. Not like this monster
ff." The quote's not accurate—it's
about seven years since the con-
sation—but that's the gist of it.
s had just recently done what was
bably the high water art effort in a
rt-lived but extremely well illus-
ted Warren publication called BLAZ-
G COMBAT. Now we were discuss-
a script I, as editor, had sent him
the future of getting his work into
rren's other books, CREEPY and
RIE. The script involved zombies;
s was sending it back. He wanted
do what he felt he did best. Some-
ng real. Not that Russ Henth can't
the other. Back in the fifties, he was
ng zombies, vampires, werewolves in
of Timely's (later Marvel) horror
cks, and doing them better than
st. But at the same time, he was also
tributing to their war comics. And
in comparison that you begin to ap-
ciate Russ's attitude. The skill and
lity are highly evident in both, but
enthusiasm, the incredible feeling
detail, for capturing evocative
vement and action, are far stronger
the war jobs.
Russ began working in comics in the
forties and soon was a regular in
ely's westerns. A KID COLT OUT-
W from 1949 features an 18-page
y by him. The drawing is cruder,
ures more awkward, but the render-
while nowhere nearly as polished as
become, is still powerful, anchor-
the characters solidly in time and
e. The flair for weaponry and cos-
e is already well-developed. Perhaps
least that Russ's father was a cow-
gave him an early edge and under-
nding, but while other artists of the
od seemed mired in the fancy-dress
of Hollywood's singing cowboys,

THE GOLD GUN SHOWDOWN AT BUTTON BILL'S
SALOON WAS ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS GUN
FIGHTS IN THE WEST. IT WAS ALSO THE FIRST
TIME IN THE TOWN OF DRY GULCH THAT GUNS
WERE PROHIBITED. THE DEADLY GUN WERE
LEFT WITH THE BARTENDER BEFORE THE
BOTH DRAW AND WINNER

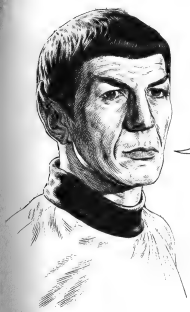
his westerns were filled with convincing grit and realism.

Two years later, Russ was a Timely mainstay, doing covers and contributing stories throughout their line. His ARIZONA KID series ranks with the best westerns done for comics. With jobs like "Beach-Head" (April '53), or "The Guns of Juan Perez" (Feb. '54), one wondered how he could get much better. The answer came sometime later when he took over National's SGT. ROCK.

From Timely to Rock is a big jump. It skips a lot. It skips a raft of short stories for DC's war titles; it skips features like "The Golden Gladiator" and "Robin Hood" in BRAVE AND THE BOLD; it skips fine interior work and dazzling covers on SEA DEVILS. Most important of all, it skips a move to Chicago and collaboration with Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder on LITTLE ANNIE FANNY for Playboy (And mouth-watering, full color rendering of pulchritude the caliber of Miss Fanny's is definitely *not* to be skipped, although us intellectuals tend to groove more on the pungent social satire, right?). But finally, you come to Rock.

To say Joe Kubert is a rough act to follow goes beyond understatement into absurdity. Yet Russ has done it and in the process blossomed from an excel-

WOOMM
BLEEE



BEST WISHES TO COMICON '73 FROM MANNY MARIS AND HIS FRIENDS

MARC BILGREY
DORIAN CALIA
KAREN COMPTON
ADAM GEWANTER
CARLA JABLONSKI
MARK KOTOWSKI
JUAN ORTIZ
JOCK PHELPS
SANDY PLUNKETT
TONY PURYEAR
OCTAVIO RIVIERA
JOHN SHIKE
NEAL SIEGEL
MARK SIGAL
PHIL SPECTOR

STOP BY OUR BOOTH AND SAY HELLO. WE'LL LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING ALL OF OUR FRIENDS!

Postcards of the above Mr. Spock drawing by the late Virgil Finlay are available 5/$1 or 25/$4.50 at the address below.

COMICS: BOOKS POSTERS PAPERBACKS

UNDERGROUNDS ORIGINAL ART

MOVIE STILLS FANZINES STAR TREK

Send your name and address for our free catalogue:

TREND COMMUNICATIONS
316 West 88th Street
New York, N.Y. 10024

GUIDE TO HOTEL

WINDSOR TERRACE---
LUNCHEON
COCKTAIL PARTIES

WINDSOR BALLROOM---
PANELS
MOVIES

GRAND & EAST & WEST BALLROOMROOMS---
DEALERS ROOM

GRAND BALLROOM FOYER---
REGISTRATION

PARLORS & FIRST FLOOR ROOMS---
SPECIAL EVENTS AS POSTED

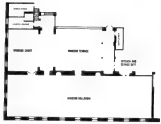
DANVAL

COMICS BOUGHT AND SOLD
ALSO MOVIE MAGAZINES, PULPS, BLBS

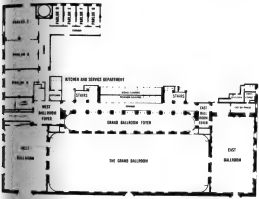
SUPPORT T.B.G.

82-86 89th STREET
GLENDALE, N.Y. 11227

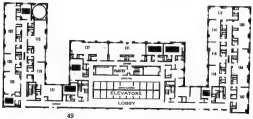
MAIN FLOOR



BALLROOM FLOOR



FIRST FLOOR



JOE NAMATH HE ISN'T

Jim Warren turned in a brilliant performance as his team's quarterback in the Washington Super Bowl. Final score: 32 to 6. Warren's team lost.

IMPEACH PAUL LEVITZ!

It has been received by high sources in the comics industry (the shadow-cloaker of Archie Comics) that Paul Levitz, brains behind THE COMIC READER Fanzine, is owned & controlled by Roy Thomas of Marvel Comics. Impeach him! Let him live outstanding zine without their approval. Whatever happened to our free press?

NOW WE WON'T HAVE MARVIN WOLFMAN TO KICK AROUND ANYMORE

Marvel writer Marvin Wolfman complained when he left a story in EERIE #49 remained in the DC inventory, we got the same complaint from Lot Marvin.

1973 AWARDS FOR DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT TO THE COMICS INDUSTRY FROM WARREN PUBLISHING

JUST WAIT TILL THE PLOP HITS THE FAN

Crazy and Plop are the new (brief) humor books from Marvel & DC, respectively. Plop says it all.

IF YOU'RE BIG ON MARVEL, YOU'LL JUST LOVE THE ADS IN THEIR NEW BOOKS

For years Stan Lee wanted to put cut black and white comics in the worst possible way—and this year he sure did.

WORST COMIC BOOK PLOT OF THE YEAR

The arrest of Pres Ewing and the subsequent attempts to brand him a subversive. Move over, Daniel Ellsberg.

SHOOT IF YOU MUST, THIS OLD GRAY CODE

The Comics Magazine Association prides itself on its strict Code covering editorial content and ad standards of comic books. It bans ads for liquor, cigarettes, drugs, gambling material, knives and "realistic" guns—but not toy guns, which do seem allow ads for rifles. When asked why, a spokesman said, "Boy's Life takes air rifle ads, so why shouldn't we?"

NICE GUY OF THE YEAR AWARD

To Ken Barr for creating and donating this year's logo for us fans. What Scotland makes, comics takes.

WE LIKE HER APPLES

Best wishes to Flo Steinberg, who's left Warren Publishing to devote her energies to the first New York City-based underground comics; BIG APPLE COMICS. Watch it fly. Buy one every day, it'll keep Dr. Wertham away.

NO TICKEE, NO TERRY

Long and the Pirates comic strip celebrates after 39 years. Condolences to Will Caniff and George Wunder. He's ass the Dragon Lady.

STILL THE KING

What can you say about the best guy who ever picked up a brush or pen?

GET IT IN WRITING

The space below is reserved for the personal autograph of our favorite fan, Heidi Sohn!

MOVE OVER, ROBERT CRUMB

Here comes Bill Griffith and Underground Cartoonist, Military-Industrial Complex mouse.

RECYCLED GARBAGE OF THE YEAR

All of the stuff in Weird, Witches Tales, etc., and half of the stuff in Detective Comics, Star Spangled, Monsters Unleashed, etc., etc.

BEARD OF THE YEAR!

To Hagar the Horrible, this year's delightful new comic strip.

ALL IN COLOR FOR A DOLLAR

National's coming out with 51 comic books. Somebody's gotta see for Carmine Infantino's new glasses. His old cigars come from Steven Hides.

OFFICER, ARREST THAT APEMAN!

Burne Hogarth's new hardcover Tarzan book shows our hero swinging less than he did in the daily strips & the reason. Tuchan is being love to get this far. Will Jane be next?

WARP WHOOPS!

Image Luck Award to the publicist who called the musical Warp, who has the title of another show. And to the comics company who published the show One Thousand Percent.

THIS GUY'S INTO EVERYTHING! MOVE OVER, HAGAR

This is the year of Bill Gaines. First the new EC line, Vault of Horror, then The Mad World of Bill Gaines, and now this. A repeat of Crypt of Terror. Soon he'll be available to the palpitating masses: BILL GAINES BUBBLE GUM CARDS; BILL GAINES AS HOST OF THE TONITE SHOW; and BILL GAINES' HOME ROCK JAG-UAR. Wait a sec. Maybe they'll even name a dog food after him.

BETTER LUCK NEXT YEAR, HOWARD COSELL

In a recent poll conducted by Monday Night Football, Muhammad was voted "The World's Biggest & Most Obnoxious Mouth."

BATMAN, WHO IS YOUR FATHER?

By Tom Fagan

When I was a kid, there were three names as familiar to me as my own! Bruce Wayne! Dick Grayson! Bob Kane!

Probably, since I had not yet directed my curiosity inward, I knew two of these people better than myself—Bruce Wayne, impotent playboy, in reality the Batman; and Dick Grayson, Bruce Wayne's ward and in his other guise, Robin the Boy Wonder. Who could ask for more than these two had? Batman fought against impossible odds . . . and won! And skylarking Robin, "laughing young daredevil," was at his side. "Gosh, Bruce had even me fooled with that disguise!" Choice, prime, excellent.

And Bob Kane? There was no splash page without that name on a Batman story. I got to know it by rote, but *just* the name. These were not the probing, curious years we're talking about, or the seventies, when we *know* about comic artists, from their biographies in comic books and personal appearances at Conventions and articles about their influences and philosophies in fanzines. These were the take-it-for-granted nineteen-forties, when comic books were created by beings out of our reach, and beyond our power to search out. We knew names, yes, like Seigel and Shuster, and who were they? Who wrote and who drew? All I knew of the name Bob Kane was that all of it came from him—the conception, the art, the mood. Later I would learn how it came about, when I met grown, when the histories had been written . . .

Famous Funnies had miniaturized the Sunday page, multiplied the Sunday page, and made a mass of Sunday pages available in a pretty, kid-sized package for a dime. Four years later, Superman jolted the new format, and added the glamor that set it off like an explosion in a fireworks factory.

The editors couldn't go wrong. Get it into print and it sold, faster than Sunday pages were being produced, faster than the illustrators-turned-house artists could crank it out! More, they wanted, more! Who else had an idea? Who could supply pages and pages of hero-centered action artwork month after month? It was editor Whitney Ellsworth who called on neophyte Bob Kane, eighteen or nineteen years old at the time, learning as he worked. What have you got?

There was an idea, «someone masked and gloved, a mysterious night creature . . . I Recalls Kane of the Batman genesis (according to the National Observer, January 24, 1966):

> "My idol at that time was Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and my favorite movie was THE MARK OF ZORRO. I had been fascinated by pictures of Leonardo da Vinci's winged flying contraption. So in 1939 I created a super duper character for National Periodicals that was a combination of Fairbanks, Zorro, da Vinci, and what I subconsciously wished I could be.
>
> "Batman can't fly, but he's pretty good at jumping and climbing and at first his cape was attached to his arms like da Vinci's artificial wings. Robin, who was added a year later, was inspired by Robin Hood."

Sound easy; sound simple? Well the very best ideas always appear that way . . . once they're born and become actuality. But try bringing one of those "anybody-could-think-of-that" notions into existence yourself sometime. Suddenly the *obvious* becomes the object of profound respect! Bob Kane had created a vital new variation on the costumed hero theme. Whereas bullets bounced harmlessly off Superman's chest, Kane envisioned a different sort of hero. His Batman could be hurt . . . even killed; he was flesh and blood and therefore vulnerable, not invincible.

Batman's powers were not easily come by. He trained his body to athletic perfection . . . through dint of hard work and harder study. As such it wasn't beyond practicality that any young aspirant might likewise achieve similar success. Therein lies the secret of Batman's appeal:

"There but for muscles, coordination, and brain power . . . go I!"

Let's take a look further back. How did Kane get to be in the right place at the right time with the *just* right idea? Kane served his early apprenticeship well. "As far back as I can recall I had a pencil in my hand . . . I must be the champion doodler of all times," he has been quoted as saying.

A native New Yorker, Kane attended De Witt Clinton High School. A mail-order art course plus his own innate talent turned doodles into drawings good enough to land him a job with the Eisner and Iger Comic Book Shop. The year was 1938. The strip that Kane was doing? A filler called "Peter Pupp" in JUMBO COMICS, hardly a portent of things to come. Other strips followed. Like: "Side Streets of New York" in CIRCUS COMICS and for the same book, "Van Bragger". Then "Spark Stevens" in WONDER COMICS. These before going to work for D.C. where he did one-pagers such as "Professor Doolittle", and "Ginger Snap".

Yet the stage is being set. Collaboration with writer Bill Finger yields their first joint strip, "Rusty and His Pals", premiering in ADVENTURE COMICS. Then an adventure series assignment and "Clip Carson" comes to comic book life. Carson, as he is drawn, strongly resembles his artist. So, too, would Bruce Wayne be a look alike of Bob Kane's a year or so later. Surprising? Not really. The mirror is a convenient inexpensive model.

Clip Carson, adventurer, was a good training ground for Kane. A steady diet of "Ginger Snaps" would have hardly

been conducive to maintaining the concept of The Batman when he issued forth on newly found scalloped wings.

Kane (with the aid of Finger) introduced The Batman to the reading public in the May 1939 issue of DETECTIVE COMICS, No. 27. Until that time *Detective Comics'* only distinction was being the only comic book with original material devoted to a single theme . . . a theme which its title explains. With the addition of Batman, however, *Detective Comics* became extra special . . . not only super-detective in theme but super-special in public appeal. Second only to Superman (there are those who will debate that point), Batman was D.C.'s favorite. Save for the "Man of Steel" the only other character to really outsell him (and then only briefly) was Captain Marvel of the rival Fawcett stable.

Kane, Finger, Jerry Robinson and to some extent Gardner Fox, molded the early Batman into the heroic figure that he remains to this very day with some 35 years of excitement and imagination behind him.

The Batman has gone from comic books to newspaper strips into Saturday afternoon serials and on to be a national craze known as "Batmania" and back into movies and newspapers, while all the while maintaining his original home in the comic books, though now in several titles rather than the original two, DETECTIVE COMICS and BATMAN COMICS.

And while Batman and Robin became internationally recognized "personalities", Bob Kane remained quietly in the background. His painting and his museum and gallery showings were brought to public consciousness during Batmania days, when reporters sought out publicity angles by the dozen. He has been on television talk shows on some few occasions. But until this year, when he has come to be keynote speaker at a Convention of the fans he has at least partially been responsible for creating, Bob Kane has been out of the spotlight.

But his presence was there, partially in shadows, waiting and silent, almost like some mysterious creature of the night . . .

KING FEATURES

The WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS

MR. BILL DUBAY, YOU'RE A VICE-PRESIDENT OF WARREN PUBLISHING, AND AS SUCH I'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW YOU FOR MY FANZINE! WHAT JUICY INSIDE INFORMATION CAN YOU TELL ME?
HOW ABOUT THE NEW TITLE YOUR COMPANY IS COMING OUT WITH? WILL IT BE COMICS? IF SO, WHAT KIND? WHAT WILL BE IN IT?
CALL ME DUBE!
I DUNNO!
EXACTLY WHAT IS IT YOU DO NOW AS EDITOR OF CREEPY, EERIE AND VAMPIRELLA? DO YOU PERSONALLY PICK THE SCRIPTS AND THE ARTISTS? HOW DOES YOUR SYSTEM WORK?
WHAT FASCINATING INSIGHT CAN YOU GIVE ME ABOUT THE SCOPE OF YOUR READERSHIP? AUDIENCE? WHICH OF YOUR MAGAZINES SELLS THE BEST? WHAT DOES YOUR RESEARCH SHOW?
OKAY, I GUESS.
NOT SURE!
HI, BOSS! I WAS JUST TALKING TO A FANZINE EDITOR!
WHAT!?
YOU DAMN EGOMANIAC!! MUST YOU FOREVER GIVE INTERVIEWS, JUST TO GET YOUR NAME IN PRINT?! CAN'T YOU LEARN TO SHUT UP?! IF THERE'S ANY-THING I CAN'T STAND IT'S A BIG BLABBERMOUTH! BLAH-BLAH-BLAH-BLAH-BLAH!
dube

THE ACADEMY OF COMIC BOOK ARTS

THE LEGION OUTPOST...

...IS A UNIQUE AND informative special interest" fan publication that will be of interest to every comics fan. While the emphasis is on the study and appreciation of national's Legion of Super-Heroes", each issue also contains articles, special features, and reviews of comics related subjects of general interest. (Outpost #4, for example, discussed WARP's swift demise on broadway; pro and con views of Dr. Fredric Wertham's famous book, Seduction of the Innocent; Stan Lee's lecture-trip at Northeastern University; book and S-F reviews; and more.)

For Legion freaks, each issue brings a wealth of LSH-related articles, opinions, art, fiction, continuing "historical" features, and guest writers (Legion artist Dave Cockrum in TLO #3, Legion editor * Ja's hard ever for us to believe, but we have 15 years worth of material to work with! The Legion made its first appearance in Adventure #247, way back in April 1938.

Murray Boltinoff in TLO #4, Legion scripter Cary Bates in TLO #5). Needless to say, the Outpost is a must for every fan of the Legion.

The Legion Outpost is offset-printed (10 X 11) and published quarterly. If you subscribe to Just one more fanzine this year, make it the Outpost. Whether you're a Legion freak or not, it's sure to interest you.

Subscription rates

ONE YEAR (Four Issues):
By Third Class mail: $2.25
By First Class mail: $3.60
SINGLE COPY:
Third Class: 60¢
First Class: 95¢

Advertising rates

Full page: $6.00
(Each additional page: $4.00)
Half-page: $3.00
Quarter-page: $1.50

ORDER FROM:

The Legion Outpost, 1354 Herschell St., Bronx NY 10461

AN ADULT FANTASY IN VISUALS

MISTY is beautiful, intelligent, sensitive, swinging — and she's running for her life!

You'll follow all her breath-taking adventures in this brand new, brilliantly illustrated, giant-sized book by talented West Coast artist, James McQuade.

MISTY is a deft combination of exciting drawing, scathing satire, warm sex, suspense and adventure. $6.50 9" X 12" Hardcover

At Your Bookseller, or ——— Send to: SHERBOURNE PRESS, 1640 S. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, CA. 90035. Gentlemen: Please send me.....copy(s) of MISTY at $6.50 each. I enclose———. ☐ cash, ☐ check, ☐ money order. Sorry, no COD's!

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

California Residents Please Add 5% Sales Tax

50

COMICS ON PARADE

By Tom Fagan

The audience awaits the start of the Costume Parade with noisy apprehension. "Did you see the Black Canary?" "I went to the men's room, and guess who was getting dressed right next to me?" "Who the heck is *that* supposed to be?" The scene is kaleidoscopic. Flashes of costumes can be seen where the contestants are lining up. Flash bulbs are catching new appearances. The judges are figuring out where to stand, how to award points, and when to begin the movement of fantastic brilliantly-garbed people across the stage.

And it does begin. And somehow, within minutes, it has developed a rhythm and feeling of its own, unplanned because such an overall atmosphere is unplannable. The basic spirit, though, has never been anything but enthusiastic fun. The kaleidoscope turns and patterns flicker and shift.

Solomon Grundy lurches out of the swamplands. Sheena quiets the appreciative crowd, standing regally, spear poised. The mighty Thor hurls M'jollnir as applause rises. The Red Skull commands a thundering chorus of "seig heils!"

It isn't only come-as-you-are time. It's more. You're *performing* as you cross the stage and stand under spotlights. Before you are hundreds of your kind of fanatics—super-critical and wildly encouraging at the same time. Each year becomes a bit more slick, a lot more interesting. And each year the interchange between costumed performer and joyous audience grows closer and more familiar.

Black Bolt appears, certainly wondering if his outfit hits the mark. And then someone hollers "Speech! Speech!" and the place dissolves into an ovation

for the costume, the gag, and for it- self (for being part of it). The costume and performance are successes!

It's not all that difficult to comprehend. Whether you're in the costumes or admiring them you are suspending your "real" world in favor of a fantasy one. Cloth, a sewing machine, and a wild idea. Add a mask, some characteristic gestures, and you're ready to step out of the phone booth of your steady school-or-job life and reveal yourself in your alter ego identity! You stand revealed as . . .

The Hangman peering through the very soul of a criminal. Conan, bloodlust not quite abated from the savagery you have been part of. The Black Angel, whose lovely body and flashing eyes conceal the iron heart of a huntress. Happy Hooligan, tin can rakishly perched atop your empty but joyful cranium. Captain America, shield casually at your side, but always in sinewy readiness.

The applause is so rewarding it tastes like ice cream. The audience is all grins and anticipation. Audience and contestants together begin to get nervous, wailing! They wonder whose judgment is the right one, waiting! They watch for telltale reactions on the faces of the judges, waiting! And the winners are announced and awards are presented. The scene shatters into flashbulb-lit fragments. And memories.

Memories? This sixth annual Comic Art Convention means five years (and more) of recollections. Memory takes us back for this second look.

On hand in 1968 were Altron Boy, the Blue Beetle (Ditko version), Merlin the Magician, the Phantom Detective, Green Hornet, and not one, but two Spectres. There were others including a female Barnabas from the then-popular *Dark Shadows*. Gwenn and Heather Seuling were Wonder Girl and Wonder Tot, reminding some people of a time three years before, when their Dad, con organizer Phil Seuling, appeared as Captain Marvel (Shazam version). He then sported a beard and Otto Binder claimed he would've won if he'd shaved. (In 1970, Phil appeared again as Captain Marvel in the Rutland, Vermont, Halloween Parade and promised then to shed 50 pounds in order to appear somewhat more realistic at a future Convention. We're still waiting, Phil!) Judges Jim Steranko, Sal Trapani and Charles Biro decided Iron Man had the most humorous costume, Barbarella's was most original, but the winner was a snazzy Captain Marvel, Jr., played by Freddy Freeman . . . er, Ethan Roberts! Their prizes were portraits of themselves in costume drawn by nonpareil Joe Orlando.

Pretty good for a beginning? Yeah,

not bad; but better is to come and that it does in 1969. If ever there was a disjointed time that was one of them. Picture if you will:

Emma Peel, flanked by two Forbush men, and another Iron Man. Hawkman and Dr. Strange. The Sealing double threat Gwenn and Heather this time as Mickey Mouse (a first costume issue) and Black Canary in that order. Robin the Boy Wonder dressed in the original costume—or parts of same—worn in the Columbia serial.

Then without warning, Red Skull tramping on stage to click his heels before Sealing and then with a flourish saluting Judge (again) Steranko. Five hundred voices returning his hail; The Skull magnificent in his maleficence. (Ma!)

No, I didn't win a prize (I should have!). Those went to The Man In Black and to Wilmington, Delaware's own winsome six-foot-four-or-thereabouts Tom Watkins, nosing in as Wonder Warthog. Also present was the deep

cleavaged Queen of the Night whose semi-hidden delights were a joy to behold. Prizes were pieces of original comic art but any of the male paladins would have rather had a date with her majesty instead!

Those were but a few . . . a very few of the contestants. There were more . . . many more in 1970.

Ja! Despite competition fierce, Tom Watkins, the gentle warrior from Wilmington, slogged his way up from the Delaware eldrich swamps as Solomon Grundy. With a gracious snarl he accepted best costume award and then began the tedious task of removing hours of previously applied makeup but not before agreeing to reappear in the coming October Rutland Halloween Parade. (Watkins was the first so recruited—historical note courtesy of Fearless Fagan!)

And if Watkins was an out and out first place could-not-be-bested-winner (which he was) there were others that bear mentioning. For instance Alina Emanuel had the originality to come as the Yellow Kid, the very first of American comic characters, circa 1896.

Karnack of the Inhumans appeared a bit timorous as he took center stage. "Hey, what would you do, Karnack, if everybody here decided to put you down once and for all," cried one joker.

"Why (pause) I'd call for my family," came the honest reply. Which was greeted by laughter and applause of approval. And everyone present just knew Karnack was among the prize winners.

No drums muttering. Yet the Ghost Who Walks appeared. Trenchcoated and sun-glassed came the awesome figure. Stripping off the outer garments he stood revealed in the purple garb of The Phantom! With a flourish he reached for the holstered guns at his sides. And reached . . . and reached . . . and reached—but iron wouldn't clear leather—and for all we know he is reaching still. Nonetheless, good show . . . Jerry Sinkovec! You who may not be The Ghost Who Walks but are without

doubt The Wraith That Reaches!

Favoring a whiter shade than pale, Simkovec rematerialized in 1971 as The Ghost Rider. (Menomonee Falls never says die!) But another "ghost" was to cause him to disappear from the winner's circle.

Kurt Goldzung portrayed Deadman. Costuming was perfect as he demonstrated. "How many times can a ghost cry?" So apt was the presentation, so magnificent the masking that Goldzung easily took second place.

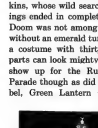
Black Bolt in the guise of Mike Zeck, true to the role, remained silent as his name was announced as first place winner. This set the scene for the reaction previously described. His prize . . . a daily *Rip Kirby* strip (the original art) by Alex Raymond.

Third place laurels went to Heidi Sabo who as Wilma Deering zapped her onlookers with a futuristic ray-gun. Mrs. Sabo and Goldzung were both presented with original art as prizes.

Judging was not particularly easy in 1971 as Steranko, Gardner Fox and Roy Alyn (the Superman of the Serials) would remember. There was a variety of costumes and characters to choose from. Costumes and characters to choose from — all of them winners in their own right. One recalls Alan Bradford suited as Mighty Thor; Bob Miller re-splendent as Captain America; The Yellow Kid (Alan Emanuel) as the Shadow; the realistic team of Harvey Seibel and Mike Gilbert doubling as Green Arrow and Green Lantern in that order; Marc Bilgrey as Altron Boy; Bob Weckesser as a Sinclair Plastic Man; and a host of other such notables as Cousin Eerie, "Super Steranko" (a visual joke) and Col. Sanders The Junkie.

"Not as a contestant," Superman swooshed onto stage. The costume was authentic; it was the one worn by the late George Reeves. Mike Nolan fitted it perfectly. Not only did Nolan (a real-life reporter) pose for camera-clicking conventioneers but he and Kirk Alyn delighted shutter-bugs by posing in adjoining telephone booths.

Costume catastrophe befell Tom Watkins, whose wild search for green drapings ended in complete failure. So Dr. Doom was not among those present as without an emerald tunic and cowl even a costume with thirty-seven movable parts can look mighty bare. (Doom did show up for the Rutland Halloween Parade though as did Green Arrow Sobel, Green Lantern Gilbert, Captain



America Miller and Thor Bradford. Who says the N.Y. Comic Art Convention isn't a fine place for costumed recruitments!) (Additional note: Watkins as Dr. Doom even appeared at Carnegie Hall the following January 5th as part of the "Marvel-ous Evening with Stan Lee" stage show. Yes, the costume was that good!)

Mind-blowing as was 1971, the 1972 Con Costume Parade was even more so. Watkins again plagued by costume hangups had to settle for being a judge rather than the awesome Darkseid. Fellow decision makers were Steranko and Denny O'Neil.

A fetching Heidi Saha as Sheena, knife at the ready, drew whistling accolades from the audience and second place honors from the triple tribunal of judges. ("Will the real Jim Steranko, please sit down!")

Heroes and Heroines followed in colorful turn. In a puff of smoke and a snap of handcuffs, Marc Collins broke free as Mr. Miracle to capture first prize. As an added flourish, Collins held "MotherBox" up to the microphone and "Ping! Ping! Ping!" sounded even above the thunderous applause.

Not to be outdone with theatrics, Sobel as Green Arrow (his costume even better than the one the year before) solemnly commanded the center of the stage to dramatically reach into his quiver. Holding several arrows aloft, he brought them down dramatically breaking them over his knee thus re-enacting one of the finer moments of the GA/GL series. "I QUIT!" he announced and with shoulders hunched Sobel turned and walked off the stage. It was a moment fine; the effect heavy with impact and the audience was hushed in appreciation before breaking into wild clapping at the performance. Justice had triumphed; Sobel was in the winner's circle . . . the rightful place denied him once before. (Winners all received savings bonds of varying denominations.)

It was a frolicsome lineup indeed. So many contestants impossible to name them all here. But those who watched and cheered will long remember the likes of Appleman (who tossed apples to the crowd and beat a hasty retreat before the favor was returned!); the rambunctious Gwenn Seuling as Daisy Mae Yokum searching for Li'l Abner; Hawkman, Nick Fury, and The Shadow, whose chilling laugh had the audience in shivers but calling for encores!

The 1973 Costume Parade. Who knows who will be present? There's talk of Elric and Conan being there. Maybe a visit from The Vulture or a calling

card announcing, "Ha Who Slashes Is Amongst Us!" Perhaps The Sandman? Big Barda? Scarlet Witch? Hopalong Cassidy? Big Bear? The invitation is open. Come and compete. Shrug off your inhibitions and shake out your caps. Be a winged creature of the night or a web-slinging warrior or a masked and alluring Cat. Be anything you want, or just come and watch.

But bring your sense of fun!

If you enjoy fine comic artwork, you already know that during the short reign of EC, between 1950 and 1955, some of the best work ever done in the realm of comic art appeared. Such artists as Graham Ingels, Jack Davis, Al Williamson, Wally Wood, Al Feldstein, Bernie Krigstein, Harvey Kurtzman, Johnny Craig, Joe Orlando, John Severin, Joe Kubert, and Frank Frazetta, all at a peak of their careers.

The cheaply-printed comic books never did their work justice. To see it as it was drawn...to see the originals...is a rare and delicious treat.

It is this in mind, the EC PORTFOLIOs are published to bring you the finest possible printing of these treasured originals, on high-quality papers for permanence.

EC PORTFOLIOs are limited editions. Once out-of-print, always out-of-print. They become valuable collector's items quickly.

Currently available, at $15 each:

EC PORTFOLIO THREE: four newly-colored covers, printed in full color, and five complete stories by Ingels, Williamson & Frazetta, Wood, Feldstein, and Severin.

EC PORTFOLIO FOUR: four more color covers plus stories by Ingels (2), Krigstein, Williamson, Kurtzman.

FULL REFUND IF NOT SATISFIED!!!

Russ Cochran

Russ Cochran
Route One
Adel, Iowa 50003

Wallace Pub. Co., Inc.

VILLAGE COMIC ART SHOP

OPEN
FRI. - SAT.
SUN. - MON.
12 - 6

6 Morton St., New York, N. Y. 10014

ONE BLOCK SOUTH FROM BLEECKER & 7TH AVE.
MORTON IS JUST OFF BLEECKER ST.
TWO BLOCKS NORTH FROM BLEECKER & 6TH AVE.

OLD COMIC BOOKS

Golden Age

Westerns - E.C.s ECs EC's

Disneys - D.C.s DCs DC's

Marvels - Foreign

ORIGINAL ART

Sundays - Dailies

Panels - Political

Sketches - Pages

POSTERS

PREMIUMS

BOOKS

FAN PUBLICATIONS

PAPERBACKS

ALL CURRENT COMICS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

— WHOLE COLLECTIONS OR SINGLE ITEMS WANTED! — $$$$

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED EXCLUSIVE COMIC ART

COLLECTOR'S SHOP IN THE WORLD

WILLIAM T. MORSE, Prop.

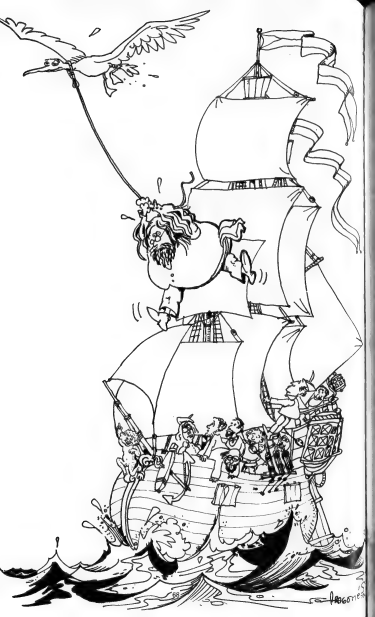
Home Phone: 201 756-5418
Address: 3333 BEVERLY RD., SOUTH PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY 07080

WILL YOU BUY A COMIC FROM THIS MAN?

BUD PLANT RUNS THE LARGEST COMIC ORIENTATED MAIL ORDER BUSINESS THIS SIDE OF *VEGA BAJA, PUERTO RICO !!* BUD DOESN'T GET OUT ON THE STREET TO SELL HIS STUFF *(ALTHOUGH HE'D LIKE TO)*--HE DOES IT ALL FROM HIS HOME...

SO WHY NOT SEND OFF FOR HIS FREE CATALOG?

BUD PLANT • 4160 HOLLY DR. • SAN JOSE, CALIF. • 95127



THE RIME OF THE VALIANT PUBLISHER

He is a valiant Publisher,
And he steereth all E.C.
O'er ink-stained waves of paper pulp
Awash with lunacy.

With gray beard flapping in the wind,
He guides his flagship, 'MAD',
And beckons all who pass to hear
His tale both long and sad.

"In youthful days," Bill Gaines begins,
"I sailed my way to fame
With classics like 'Tales From The Crypt'.
Recall that honored name?

" 'The Vault Of Horror', also mine,
Was grisly as could be.
I manned its helm and proudly cruised
The Horror Comic Sea.

"Then, twenty years or more ago,
I phased out every ghoul,
And launched this little rag called 'MAD'
Whoo boy! Was I the fool!

"For I'd killed off the ones I loved,
Those creatures from the grave.
Now, Alf E. Newman took their place.
My soul I could not save."

The graybeard stops to shed a tear.
"I never dreamed," quoth he,
"A funny comic could succeed
For all eternity.

"Yet I've grown middle-aged and plump
Here at the helm of 'MAD'.
And just look at the crew I've got
If you don't think that's bad."

The graybeard gestures toward his staff,
And all who watch fall still;
To think such motley clowns should mix
With cultured folk like Bill.

His reminiscing now complete,
Gaines turns to pace the deck,
And stroke the golden albatross
He wears around his neck.

by J. De Fuccio

(With profound apology to the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and a passing shrug to the present William M. Gaines.)

Neil P. Gold
Mark Alessio
Barbara Lee
Brien Lee
Joseph Howton
Kenneth P. Gale
Robert Wiacek
Edward Egan
Arthur Gottheim
Frank R. Johnson
Carol Ann Cannon
Judy Kaufman
John Arocho
James Van Hise
Charles Fouquette
David Wood
Adam Strom
Howard Leroy Davis
Benito Ruiz
Joseph Barbanel
Andrew Cunningham
Philip Ressigue
Perry Perez
Dan Kuhn
Robert Ervin,Jr.
Andre Castro
Bela Fleck
Louie Fleck
James Stenstrum
Jim Warhola
Douglas Uhler
E.K. Jung
R.S. Jung
Danny Fuchs
Stephen G. Umstead

ATTENDING MEMBERS

Jane E. Umstead
Tom Walter
Robert Dolphin
Norman Arrington
Clayton Stimpson
Terry Bienstock
Tom Altshuler
Ron Fernandez
Joanne Aprill
Michael Carbonaro
Jerry Ohlinger
Philip Hecht
Howard Bayliss
Stuart Kerr
Mark Zakarin
Ron Forman
Russ Cochran
Joseph Bonett
Michael Bellotti
Ronald Prager
Ed Summer
Eileen Mandell
Larry Shell
Dominic Bonura
Paul Kirchner
Jimmy Ciccolella
Mike Simms
Joe Blackwell
Don Phelps
Dick Sikes
Brian Mulligan
Henry Ladson
Albert Simonson,Jr.
Nicky Post
Donald Foote
Mark Clegg
Edward Pennington III
Scott H. Miller
Dean Mullaney
Linda Schiumo
Steve Levine

Chuck Fiala
Carl Stark
John Antosiewicz
Don Parker
Mitchel Zykofsky
Richard O'Brien
John Cawley,Jr.
Audrey Brown
Thomas Norman
Robert Heuberger
Jon Bogdanove
Gary Pasternak
Arlen Schumer
Steven Schumer
Ernest Sgroi
Dennis Keenan
Michael McKairnes
Michael Canuel
Victor Stredicke
Steve Jeu
Ed Spiegel
Steve Biasi
David Micheline
Jimmy Shaffer
John Mozzer
Mark Trost
Tom Luth
John Glasser
Albert Glasser
Mary Titus
Randy Medoff
Dan Lombardo
Paul Tosfaulias
Kilgore Trout
Louis Tosfaulias
Larry Bigman
Irving Bigman
C. March
Chris Noto
Bill G. Wilson
Sam Frazer
Max Gottfried
Jeff Rudolph
Adam Malin
Alan Barbour

Stu Grossman
Stu Hellinger
Dave Pardee
Ted Hake
Deborah Weibel
Mark Lully
J. Krolik
M. Ward
Tedd Kessler
Paul Saryian
Jim Kokich
Jim Ivey
R. David Pratte
Paul Gallagher
Alan Light
Jim Warren
Nancy Kozinski
Dave Belmont
Bill Lippencott
Paul Kramer
Jerry Kramer
Bruce Hamilton
Summer Hamilton
Nathan L. Butler
David M.H. Butler
Paul Lawrence Figueroa
SP/5 David Wenger
Bernard C. Fowler
Bob Overstreet
Tom Armstrong
Richard Kahl
Ed Rieluga
Bill Berry
Joel Lyczak
Lamar Blaylock
Marc Rooney
Denver Sherry
Dale Manesis
Keith Gamble
Bruce Hershenson
Joe Parente
Nick Pappas
Raven Miller

SUPPORTING MEMBERS

Paul B. Rew
David B. Mattingly
Charlie Eckhaus
George Evan
Timothy C. Fuller
John Leasure
Alan Turniansky
Bruce Roth
Mark Storchheim
Bob Drummond
Tom Marnick
Joseph Marnick
Carl Goldberg
Dr. M. Thomas Inge
Steven Goldstein
H. Jacobi
Kathy Hanlon
Neill Hughes
F.D. Witz
M.X. Witz
Martin L. Greim
Al Bradford
Jim Friel
Dick Bojarski
Christopher Pepo
Bill Thailing
Zylpha Thailing
Phil Beracha
Arnold Schieman
Bud Plant
Doug Murray
Jason Woodrow
Nancy Warner
Patrick Polisciano

Lou Pascazi, Jr.
Lawrence Severs
Laurine White
Curtis Herink
Freddy Fields, Jr.
Bob Smith
Morris I. Hyman
Ron Misenhimer
Jerome A. Holst
Lawrence Laney Lofti
Daniel Y. Louie
David M. Shea
Kenneth M. Strack
Lewis Fong
Jay Seckels
Richard Langlois
Gregory D. Gibbons
Carsten Søndergaard
Bruce Long
Allen Sant
Bob Garrison
Allen Jay
Alexander Jay
Richard Wright
Billy Ingram
Mike Goffee
W.F. Hall
David Lesperance
Joel Thingvall
Robert Kowalski
Kathryn Drexel
Jack Promo

(as of May 31,1973)

ATTENTION
WRITERS & ARTISTS
IN THE
COMICS MEDIUM

Do you want to showcase Your Work in the Finest Magazines of their kind in America?

We're a quality publishing company. We pride ourselves on featuring the best creative talent in the world, catering to the more sophisticated reader. We're always searching for good writers—script writers who understand the art of story-telling; artists—imaginative, graphically superior, dedicated craftsmen who can make a page come to life. Rates are excellent. Pay is immediate. Your work will be magnificently produced. You'll be proud of the way we present your personal style of creativity. And we'll be proud to publish you. We're professional enough and good enough to showcase your work in the best possible way.

Telephone (212) 683-6053 during weekday business hours. Ask for the Editor-in-Chief. He'll be expecting your call.

MOONCHILD

WATCH FOR ME IN WEIRD FANTASIES AND IN MY OWN ANIMATED CARTOON (SOON TO BE RELEASED) NUCLEAR FISHIN'
©1973 NICOLA CUT

I'M IN LOVE WITH A GREEN LADY

By Phil Seuling

I don't know just when it began. Of course the first time I saw her I was stricken by her loveliness, as who wouldn't be? The heavy-lidded, beery look of her eyes, her figure as graceful and willowy as a fire hydrant, the casual cut of her clothing! But it wasn't really love at first sight. Not at all!

Rather it developed slowly, like the sun rising over her haunted forest home. She was revealed slowly just as the sun might illumine the landscape. Large, unusual, with features never seen before (the landscape). Attractive, mysterious, and somehow beckoning (her). Here a crag is revealed, there a stump, over here some pits and gullies (both).

Ah, but as my affection focused on Broom-Hilda (for that was her name, moving musically across the tongue, like an oil spill encroaching on a beach) how sweet was each new discovery about her! And each day brought some new revelation. Her individual features charmed me: let me count the ways!

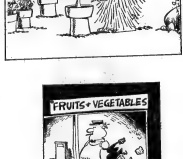
Green, green is the color of my true-love's face, bringing pleasant Spring-time thoughts of ripening skunk cabbage, and forgotten cheese, and dancing waves of nausea! Soft, soft is her skin like a work-ripened catcher's mitt! (She obtained her first modeling job, in fact, because of the extra-fine texture of her skin after a particularly close shave. She was featured in a *Smokey-the-Bear* TV commercial, appearing as the forest after the fire.)

Her personality: there lies the true magnetism! I wish it were *I* she asks to go out all night drinking beer and smoking cheap cigars! Ecstasy! The veiled perfume of her rancid tobacco breath mingling with the fresh clean aroma of green growing things (it has been awhile since she washed, and tiny shoots are sprouting in her topsoil).

The artist who draws and writes the daily episodes of Broom-Hilda's life is Russell Myers. How I wish I knew her as well as he does! But he knows as any good writer knows, that telling all at once eliminates suspense. By slowly

unveiling her charms, her wit and wisdom, and her past, on the other hand, he maintains the mysterious magic of her being. Little by little we have come to know what her life consists of and the people . . . er . . . um . . . friends she associates with! For instance there is Irwin.

Irwin is peaceful, hairy, and loves nature. He is a troll. His guiding motivation in all things is mindless imbecility. He is not *quite* as smart as a dead tree stump. But that's OK, because he doesn't even know what meanness is, so people's dirty tricks don't hurt him. And flowers love him. So do millions of readers.



And there is Gaylord, a scholarly vegetarian buzzard. Of course, Bromide Hilda's subtle sense of humor sometimes involves dropping empty beer cans on his skull, so that reading peacefully and quietly is not always easy. And periodically, the Buzzard's Union angrily tries to get him to eat meat (to no avail). The last time, they tossed hamburgers at him.

I think the only one who can meet my lovely Broom-Hilda on her own terms, however, is Grelbor. Mean? He sneers from out of his log at *everyone*. And the insults! He makes Don Rickles sound like Shirley Temple. "Hey," he tells her, "the condemned sign fell off your face." Or maybe he says, "Your toes are so ugly your socks are dying!" No, the life of a squat, poison-green 1500-year-old witch is not all candy and flowers.

But Russell Myers tells us the good as well as the bad. And, although he has control enough to parcel out his information bit by bit, he too, is eager to talk about Broom-Hilda. We may see the episodes one by one, day by day, but he works at a more productive pace. Usually cartoonists live under the ominous shadow of imminent deadlines, and they are locked to their drawing boards by their desire to accumulate a day now, another day in a couple of weeks, so that they can eventually take a week or so off in the summer. I said *usually* that's what cartoonists are like.

But Russell Myers has the urge to tell the world about *Broom-Hilda*. He can take a week off when he wants to. He is at present six months ahead.

Who can blame him for his preoccupation with her? Look at the intelligence sparkling out of her dull eyes (sort of like bloodshot boiled potatoes), and the cute little tilt of that massive chin, and the delicacy of those nicotine-stained, baloney-shaped fingers! I know how others can come under her spell because I have fallen myself.

It matters not that she has belonged to others (Attila the Hun was a former husband) and I can hide my jealousy when she turns her affections towards some celebrity whose suave personality turns her head (Howard Cosell). I know someday there will come a sudden rush as she approaches. There will be a heart-stopping splat as she overshoots her mark because of a hangover and hits the side of the building. There will sound a gentle clatter as she kicks aside her used beer cans. And there she will be, poised in my doorway like a stunted green Quasimodo.

Broom-Hilda, I am yours!

"WHAT IS IT LIKE TO GO AS LONELY AS YOU HAVE WITHOUT A DATE?
WELL, LET ME PUT IT THIS WAY, IRWIN...
GO!
"WHEN YOU GET A ROCK IN YOUR SHOE YOU'RE GLAD FOR THE COMPANY!"

Phone:
(413) 781-0299

THE REBEL PEDDLER, INC.
1587 Main Street
Springfield, Mass., 01101
Mail: P.O. Box 3092

COMICS–MOVIE MATERIAL–NOSTALGIA ITEMS

MOVIE–One Sheets, Lobby Cards, Movie Stills (Color and black and white), STills from early "talkies."

PULPS–Amazing Stories from 1929-31, Doc Savages from the early 40's, and hundreds of other!

NOSTALGIA–Big Little Books, Gum Cards, Pop-ups, Political Pins, Buck Rogers Gun, Pinocchio Watch, Tarzan hardcover from 1929.

WRITE US FOR A CATALOG (50¢) LISTING THOUSANDS OF ITEMS SOME RARE, SOME JUST HARD TO FIND! SEE OUR THREE TABLES OF STOCK IN THE DEALERS ROOM!

The Monster Times

wishes to thank the following people, places, and things ... Joe Kane, Joe Brancatelli, Stan Lee, Myron Berger, Lynne Gildensoph, Gerry Conway, Doug Foley, Julie Schwarz, MC Richards, Dean Latimer, Bernl Wrightson, Steve Vertlieb, Bill Feret, Phil Seuling, Denny O'Neil, King Kong, Gray Morrow, Len Wein, Frankenstein, Warren Publishing, Mike Schau, Cousin Eerie, Marv Wolfman, The Wolfman, Jimmy Thornton, Roacho Rizzo, Ratso Rizzo, Count Yorga, Jim Wnoroski, Rich Buckler, Memory Shop, Jeff Jones, Joe Kubert, Marvel Comics, Tim Johnson, MG Brunas, D. Margulies, Ron V. Borst, Steve Jenkins, Russ Cochran, Dan Green, Chelsea News, Ed Naha, AIP, Steve Kaplan, Steve Hickman, Gary Gerani, Paul Levitz, Mark Frank, Leslie Carbargas, Steve Wynn, Mad Magazine, Columbia, Bill Nelson, Stanley Low, Barry Glusky, Gary Brown, Don Thompson, Ghidrah, Maggie Thompson, Paul Neary, New York Post, Bill Gaines, Al Feldstein, Mark Evanier, Dr Phibes, Gary Blair, Seymour, NBC-TV, Jack Davis, J Jusko, Edgar Winter, Ted Richichi, Kiel's, Tom Armstrong, Joe Allan, Godzilla, Michael Uslan, Frank Brunner, Warner Bros. Jerry Robinson, Roger Singleton, Neal Adams, Buddy Weiss, Joe Thomasino, Steranko, Chester Grabowski, Fred Emy, CC Beck, Mighty Joe Young, Vic Ghidalia, Denis Gifford, Barbara Seuling, Universal, Charlton Comics, Calvin Beck, Cinerama, Tha Vreelands, Dirty Mel, 20th Century Fox, ABC-TV, Jim Shasky, Fred Bronson, Chris Steinbrunner, Roberto, Lenny Spinner, Paul Lampert, Jimmy Warren, Ben Oda, John Weibel, Harry Chester, Hemisphere, Chuck McNaughton, Chris Lee, Carlos Garzon, Raquel Welch, William Shatner, Robert Crumb, Creature Features, Al Getson, Paul Hendershot, General Mills, Count Chocula, Jim & Al, Uncle Creepy, John Cornell, Frankenberry, Ron Brooks, Susan Toefler, Barbara Trecker, Gold Key Comics, Michael Pousner, New York Times, George Frasier, Dr Shock, Vincent Canby, Linda Lake, Paul Montgomery, Gorgo, Richard Conway, Sol Brodsky, Toho, John

Glenn, Isaac Asimov, Wendy Wentzel, Arthur C Clarke, Gene Roddenberry, United Artists, Majel Barrett, Frank Frazetta, Al Williamson, Mercian C Cooper, John, John, John, Barry Smith, Bruce Hershenson, Count Dracula, Ron Barrow, Tony Isabella, Mike Kaluta, Frank Brunner, John E Parnum, Johnny Romita, MC Richards, John Byrne, Rodan, Robert S Napier, Dick Bojarski, Jason Roberts, David Andrews, MJ "Blowemup" Weatherperson, R Allen Leider, Bruce Jones, Alan Ormsby, Gary Goch, The Monster of Piedras Blancas, Dany Frolich, Jeffrey H. Wasserman, Doug Potter, Allan Brandman, Doug Murray, The Blob, Richard Garrison, Rod Serling, The Late Crazy Joey, Alfred Hitchcock, Peter Cushing, Bjo Trimble, Tim Kirk, Overstock Book Co, David Stidworthy, Dwight R. Decker, Jim Vadeboncoeur, Jr. Art Miller, Willis O'Brien, Martin Pasko, Carter Scholz, Ed Sumner, Dr Death, The Creep, Gary Svehla, Jim Starlin, Greg Theakston, Jim Janes, PL Caruthers, Al Schuster, David Zinman, Frank Behrens, Anthony Kalergy, Ronald Bookstaff (the Great) D Pickett, L Capizzi, Richard Kyle, Bob Dibella, Derek Carter, Ghastly, Ron Haydock, Vincent Price, Jack Jones, Bruce Ackerman, Fredric Wertham, Mike Plong, Bill Dubay, Tom Mason, Bill Parker, Mark Edwards, David Barthelemew, Lon Talbot, Michael Carbonaro, Basil Wolverton, Bill Spicer, Dick Voll, Nick Cuti, Lon Cheney Jr, Mike Oishan, Lige & Jack, Al Felix, Finn, Jimmy Ciccolella, Phil Socci, Charles Feldman, Hillary James, Hammer Aurora, Larry Waldstein, Ballantine Books, Mothra, UniRoyal, Nostalgia Press, Steve Ditko, Gil Kane, National Comics, Spider-Man, Captain Marvel, Vampirella, Destiny, Charlton Neston, Lois, Carlo, Larry, Harvey Marshak, Big Jim Kokich, Tube Magazine, Walter Brett, Howard Smith, The Village Voice, Jack Jackson, Patty Eckes, K Otis, Crown Publishers, Daz Skinn, DB, Rick & Dee, Jim Jones, Manny Maris, Dave Gibbons, Capt George Henderson, University of Toronto, Russell Myers, Dave Izzo, EP Dutton Books, Hamlyn Books, East Coast Comics, New York News, Mr Tanaka, WNEW-TV, William Marshall, Lippincott Books, Kable News, Anzilla, David Rosen, Sergio Aragones, Jan Penovich, Mort Drucker, Miami Herald, Buster Crabbe, Roger Reeves, Superman, Kirk Alyn, Paula Claw, Movie Star News, Passaic Book Center, Dr Freud, John Wayne, WOR-TV, Joan Winston, Tokyo, Empire State Building, Beverly Kenny, Carmine Infantino, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Rock Magazine, Bantam Books, The Phantom, Jean Izzo, Los Angeles Times, Robert E Howard, Marie Severin, Ragweed Rantings, FJ Ackerman, Philly Joe Jones, Charlie & Joe, Newsweek, Paul D. Zimmerman, Jerry Ohlinger, Moz Deal, David Behrans, Larry Yasgar, for pitching in to make our publication not only the World's ... (a) first, (b) greatest, (c) most spectacular, (d) most stupendous, (e) a but not (f) all of the above, (g) none of the above ... Newspaper of Horror, Comics, Sci-Fi and Fantasy, but a bulwark of civilization-as-we-know-it and a frightening forum for monsters all over the world and beyond.

Thanks

Larry Brill

Ed Wallstein

The Big G

Jan
4-6

CREATION

Third annual comic con!

Be with us for the third Creation convention-time for enjoying the world of comic and S-F art. In order to accomodate this event we are proud to be located at the Biltmore Hotel, Madison Avenue at Forty-third Street.It is an ideal convention site and we'll have all facilities of the nineteenth floor. The dates-the 4th through 6th of January-a change from last year. Start the new year on a fantastic three days of Creation 1974.....

•Registartion-In advance for all 3 days, $4. Advance for 2 days-$3.Door prices-$5 for three days or $2 per day.Members in advance receive progress reports and badge through mail. Why not register!!

•Dealers-Tables are $30 each on a first-come basis as far as locations. Creation is the place to buy and sell-don't miss out. 130 tables in this year's dealer's room. If you want comics, books, related items, they will be at Creation 1974.

•Events-Because we have access to such a large hotel area we will present a wider array of events than anywhere ever before. Something for each con member-films, panel discussions, auctions, art shows,speeches, awards, contests, A meeting top pros.

Over 30 professionals in the field attended last year, most will be back, plus many new guests. Be on the watch for further advertisements, or send for our progress reports.

•Hospitality, relaxing & trading areas, and convention staff always out to please. Be there!

Any ideas, suggestions,& panel ideas welcomed.

•Art display-the finest by the best around.

KEEP POSTED
REGISTER NOW
Adam Malin
16 E. 2nd St.
Freeport,NY 11520

The Birth Of A Convention!

New York's first comprehensive film convention covering every aspect of film making, from the conception of an idea, right down to the final post-production stages.

Plus:

Amateur Film Contest	Art Show
Cartoons	Costume Call
Dealer's Room	Exhibits
Radio Room	
Continuous Multiple Programming	

Guests:

The dates are May 24, 25, 26 & 27, 1974.
The hotel is the Americana of New York.
Room Rates: Singles: $20.00 Doubles/Twins: $27.00
Triples: $34.00

Registration:
To 9/8/73: $5.00 From 9/9/73 to 11/30/73: $6.00
From 12/1/73 to 4/30/74: $7.50
From 5/1/74 on and at the door: $10.

Our address:

The Convention With No Name
P.O. Box 561
New York, New York 10022

Why not get in at the beginning?

WHO'S WHO OF AMERICAN COMIC BOOKS

PUBLISHING EDITOR: JERRY BAILS
487 LAKEWOOD BLVD, DETROIT, MICH., 48215

A WORD ABOUT THE FIRST EDITION

The Who's Who of American Comic Books is a reference work designed to assist collectors and researchers of the comic book medium. To be published in four volumes, the first edition will carry well over two thousand biographical listings. *The Who's Who* is not an artist directory, but rather an attempt to provide the best available biographical data for each and every writer, artist and editor who has contributed original material to America's four-color comics magazines. In short, it is to be a biographical record of the contributors to this field over its 45-year history.

Volume I of *The Who's Who*, covering the first part of the alphabet (A-F), is now in print, with subsequent volumes listing the remainder of the alphabet (G-Z) and other special reference material to see print in intervals within the next two years. Volume IV will include a number of special sections: a listing of contributors to the related fields of black-and-white and underground comic books, a comprehensive directory of comic book publishers, a cross-index to the creators and contributors of the most popular comic book strips, a key to by-lines and pen names, as well as a variety of other special features.

There will be a LIMITED printing of the *FIRST EDITION* in soft cover. To insure that you do not miss out, use the coupon below to order the complete 4-volume set.

Jerry Bails, 487 Lakewood Blvd., Detroit, Michigan 48215 U.S.A.

SPECIAL ORDER BLANK *(Check the appropriate box.)*

☐ I ordered Vol. I at the special pre-publication price of $5.00; Ship me Vol. II-IV when they are ready. Since I am entitled to a special discount on the entire set, I enclose $15.00 plus $3.00 for postage and handling. This offer expires December 31, 1973.

☐ Please ship me Vol. I now and ship Vol. II-IV when they are ready. I enclose $24.00 plus $1.00 for postage and handling.

☐ Just ship me Vol. I but let me know when the other volumes are in print. I enclose $6.00 plus 35¢ for postage and handling.

SHIP TO:

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....ZIP CODE.....

Notify us immediately of any change of address!!!!!

MAKE ALL ORDERS PAYABLE TO: Jerry Bails

FOREIGN ORDERS: Add $1.00 per volume for overseas shipment.

☐ I have contributed original work to the American Comic Book; please send me your biographical questionnaire.

Also this year at September Genoa (Italy) will give hospitality to

LE 3 GIORNATE DEL FUMETTO
(The Three Days of the Comics)

30.000 visitors in the 1st exhibition
50.000 visitors in the 2nd exhibition
70.000 visitors in the 3rd exhibition
All are the visitors during this year.
Many editors of the publishers and authors have given their support to our exhibition.
Many search for publishers and authors have given their importance to our exhibition.
The organizers of our exhibition are the most important and efficient ones which with connections with the Italian and foreign publishers.
We shall reply to all your requests.

We shall reply to all your requests.

Write to us at the following address:
CLUB DEI GLI AMICI DEL FUMETTO
Via Monteblanco 22/17
16137 GENOVA (Italia)

NEW!
YANG
and
E-MAN

FROM H
TO HE
CHEC
CHAR

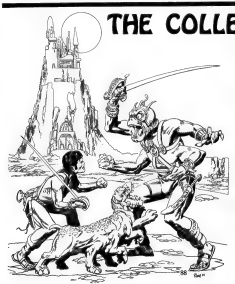
CHARLTON
COMICS
RROR
OES
OUT
ON!
Charlton Publications,

NOW RECRUITING • AN ORGANIZATION FOR MILITANT MARVELITE

The Skylark Society

• THE SKYLARK SOCIETY • CRAIG MERRICK POB 666 CARY QUADRANGLE, CEST LAFAYETTE, IN 47906 • S.A.S.E. •••

THE COLLECTOR



BILL G. WILSON
1535 ONEIDA DRIVE
CLAIRTON, PA. 15025
(412) 233-5496

COMIC BOOKS · COMIC STRIPS
SCIENCE FICTION · FANTASY
INTERVIEWS
PORTFOLIOS

PERMA-CON

NEVER AN ADMISSION CHARGE!

uck Rogers Tarzan Krazy Kat Mandrake

Phantom Flash Gordon Superman Hundreds More

1,000,000 COMICS IN STOCK, SCIENCE FICTION, PULPS, HARDCOVERS, POSTERS, ARKHAM HOUSE, FANZINES, PLUS MANY ITEMS HARD TO FIND ANYWHERE ELSE!

IF YOU CAN'T MAKE IT DOWN TO SEE US, MAIL US $1.00 FOR OUR 100PE-ILLUSTRATED CATALOG; IT'S ALMOST AS GOOD AS BEING THERE YOURSELF. MAIL TO: PASSAIC BOOK CENTER Dept.-C 594 MAIN AVE. PASSAIC, N.J. 07055

DIRECTIONS BY CAR:
OM TO THE LINCOLN TUNNEL, AFTER
EXIT 16W STRAIGHT TO 32ND ST. 3.
FOLLOW RT. 3 WEST TO RT. 21 WEST
TO STATE ST. EXIT IN PASSAIC.
TAKE FIRST LEFT AFTER EXIT, GO
TWO SHORT BLOCKS, MAKE RIGHT AND
LOOK FOR STORE ON RIGHT!

STORE HOURS:
Mon. & Fri. 10am-9pm
Tues.- & Thurs. 10am-6pm
Wed. 10am-4pm
Sat. 9am-6pm
(201) 778-6646

(BY BUS)
DIRECTIONS:-
GO TO PORT AUTHORITY (41st ST. & 8th AVE.)
TAKE #30 BUS. TELL DRIVER TO LET YOU OFF
AT PARK PLACE ON MAIN AVE. WHEN YOU GET
OFF LOOK DIAMONDALLY ACROSS THE STREET
AND YOU'LL SEE US!

JULY CON:

THE EVENT OF THE YEAR!

MAKE YOUR MEMORY OF THIS '73 SPECTACULAR LAST WITH THE SPECIAL CON ISSUE OF

(#4)

available from tcr publications
august 4

Welcome to the 1973 Comic Art Convention

from

THE CRAZIES

PUBLISHING EMPIRE

--producers of

True Fan Adventure Theater
YGG
The Best of CAPA-alpha
and other exciting fanzines

Look us up at the con
and ask us about
our magazines and plans!

Tony Isabella - Dwight Decker
Tom Orzechowski - Carl Gafford
Chuck Spanier - Anthony Tollin

A full 8½ x 11¾ size, this "True Market" guide opens flat . . . it's easy to use . . . easy to refer to! In fact, it's the most FUNCTIONAL guide you've ever used.

Announcing

the publication of the FIRST Significant

"TRUE MARKET" Catalog of

Comic Book Retail Values

A MUST for Every Collector and Dealer . . . Only $4.50

Serious comic collectors and dealers are entitled to an accurate reference book which lists rare, valuable comic books at their "true market" values. This is the Guide you've been waiting for. Two years in the making, this is a "True Market" Guide of Comic Book Retail Values. It has been compiled from thousands of price lists from every major comic book dealer in North America. Every value has been carefully computed and averaged out. We have ignored price lists from collectors selling comics at liquidation prices. It is a book of "True Market" retail values, not a wishful thinking price guide. Check out these values:

Action #1 Mint	$1000.00	not $450.00
Batman #1 Fine	$ 400.00	not $190.00
W.D.C. & S #6 Good	$ 60.00	not $ 30.00
World's Finest #7 Good	$ 25.00	not $ 9.00
Detective #182 Fine	$ 3.00	not $ .80

Four different values. Based on condition of each comic is given: FAIR GOOD FINE MINT.

All significant comic books are listed in detail from 1933 to 1973. Listings are alphabetical, by title.

Editorial Features include authoritative and helpful articles as follows:

- How to Collect Old and New Comics
- How to Grade Comic Books by Condition
- How to Buy and Sell Through the Mail
- How to Buy and Sell at a Convention
- How to Avoid Getting Cheated
- How to Track Down Collections of Rare, Valuable Comic Books for Pennies in Your Home Town.

Send $4.50 (Check or Money Order) today for your Personal copy of this 1973 "True Market" issue of COMIC BOOK RETAIL VALUES.

Write:

TRUE MARKET,
Suite 404NY 1253 McGill College Ave.,
Montreal 110, Canada

DON'T DELAY — ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY!

JOE PARENTE'S

LITTLE NEMO SHOP

NOSTALGIA
COLLECTABLES
MEMORABILLIA
ORIGINAL COMIC ART
PAINTINGS
BOOKS
TOYS
POSTERS AND MAGAZINES

108-30 ASCAN AVENUE • 263-5296 Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375

Collectors Book Store

6763 Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood, Calif. 90028

THE PRECE

BOOK WAS

YOU WITH L

paul levitz · paul ku

tcr publications · 393 c

TCR PUBLICATIONS

G PROGRAM

BROUGHT TO

NG CARE BY:

rberg · steve gilary

58 street · brooklyn ny.

TCR PUBLICATIONS

Autographs

NEW YORK
COMIC
ART
CONVENTION

AFTER 35 YEARS... STILL No.1 IN COMIC SALES!

DC

NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC.

909 THIRD AVE., N.Y., N.Y. 10022

PLOP!

SHADOW

DC

PREZ

TARZAN

WARREN

Who are we?

We're not General Motors or IBM. We're not National or Marvel. We don't turn out 50 titles a month. We're not the Big Guys.

We produce 3 magazines a month. We're the Little Guys.

We attended and supported the first comic conventions 'way back when the big guys didn't think Fandom was important enough to their sales. Now the big guys are starting to move into our CREEPY-EERIE-VAMPY territory. Some business people in our industry think they're going to squeeze us right out.

Like hell.

We may be small, but we're good. And we're going to stay that way.

About you Fans: we can't satisfy all of you all of the time. But we're going to please many of you most of the time. We're dedicated to publishing consistently superior comics, and we do it with our own money. No big conglomerate owns us. No big magazine distributing company belongs to us. Our only weapon on the newsstand is a better, more exciting, more entertaining comic magazine with a Warren label on it.

Speaking of exciting comics—we're now busy at work on our new title. Watch for it. We think you'll like it. Editorially it's aimed right at you Fans. And by the time we all meet again at the next New York Comic Art Convention in '74 we hope many of you will be enthusiastic readers. Meanwhile, 3 of your Old Friends send you their love & beast wishes...